



THE



LEISURE HOUR

JANUARY, 1884.

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ALMANACK FOR

JANUARY, 1884.

1 T	☉ rises 8.8 A.M.	9 W	Fire Insurance exp.	17 T	☉ rises 8 A.M.	24 T	☉ rises 7.53 A.M.
2 W	☉ Clk. bef. 9.4m. 73.	10 T	☉ rises 8.5 A.M.	18 F	Daybreak 5.57 A.M.	25 F	Orion S. 9 P.M.
3 T	☉ least dist. from ☉	11 F	Hilary Stings beg.	19 S	Taurus S. 8 P.M.	26 S	☉ Clk. bef. 12m. 43.
4 F	Venus an even star	12 S	Full ☉ 3.27 P.M.	20 S	2 SUN. APT. EPIPH.	27 S	3 SUN. APT. EPIPH.
5 S	☉ 1 Quar 9.35 P.M.	13 S	1 SUN. APT. EPIPH.	21 M	☉ Qu. 5.23 A.M.	28 M	New ☉ 5.1 A.M.
6 S	EPIPH. 2 S. aft. XMS.	14 M	Pleiades S. 8 P.M.	22 M	☉ grst. dist. from ☉	29 T	Aries S. 5.30 P.M.
7 M	☉ sets 4.6 P.M.	15 T	Twil. ends 6.21 P.M.	23 T	Jupiter S. midnt.	30 W	☉ sets 4.43 P.M.
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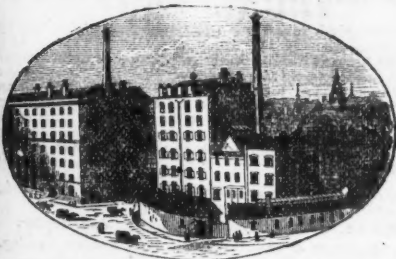
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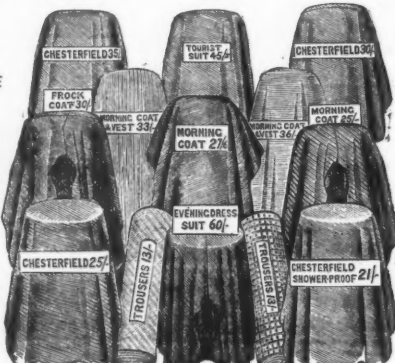
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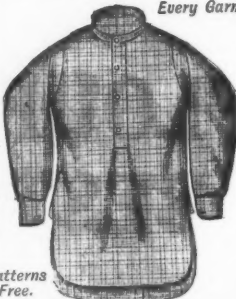
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We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.

"Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
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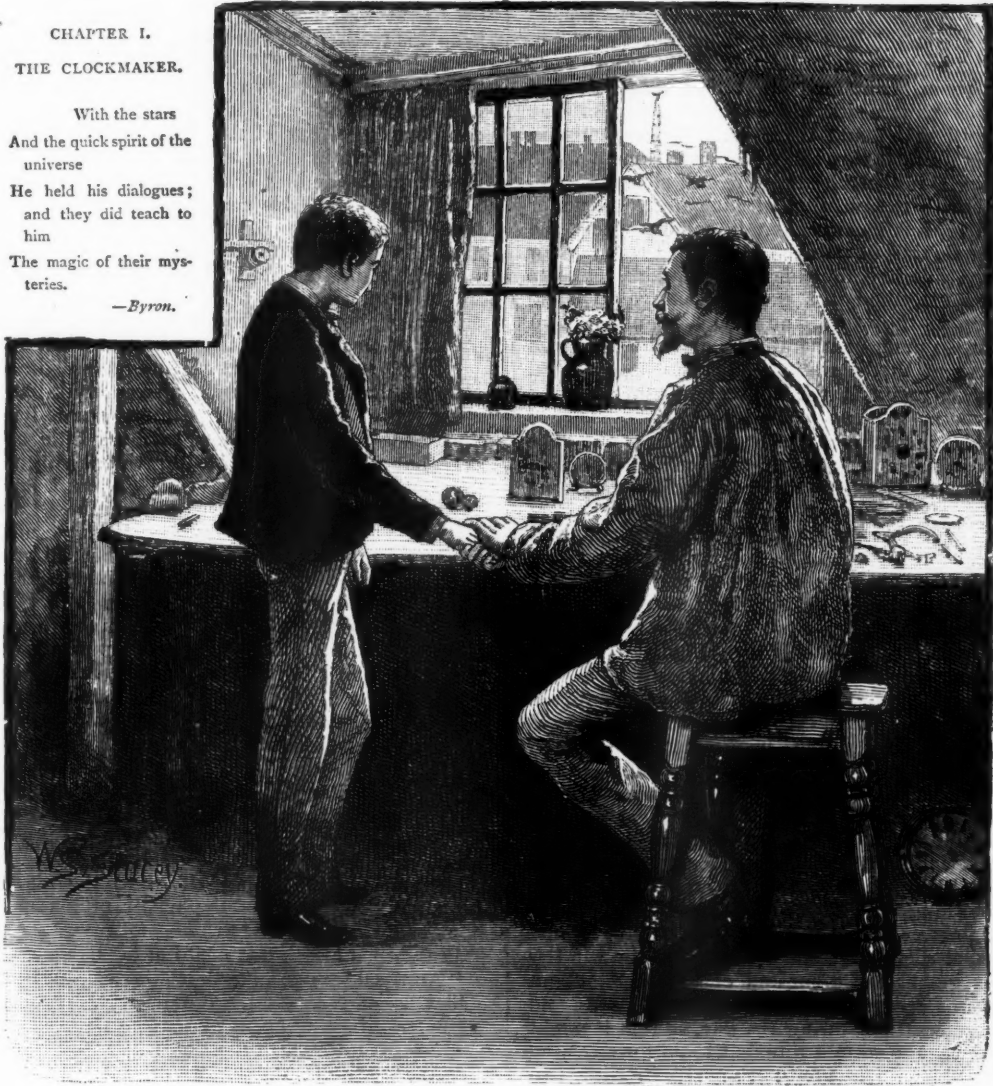
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CHAPTER I.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

With the stars
And the quick spirit of the
universe
He held his dialogues;
and they did teach to
him
The magic of their mys-
teries.

—Byron.



EUGÈNE VERNIER'S GARRET.

THE casement of a little dormer window, high up in the roof of a tall house in the rue Jean Jacques, one of the narrowest and not one of the nicest streets in Paris, was thrown open.

one fine morning, soon after sunrise, by a tall lean man, a little over the middle age, and his voice quavered forth over the tiles above him and below with some fragments of a song. It was not a hymn exactly, but there was something of a reverential tone about it; and the goodness of the Creator, who had made the sun to rise in its splendour, to enliven the whole face of nature with its light and warmth, was celebrated in grateful if not harmonious accents.

There were not many to hear him at that early hour; if there had been they might have complained of him for disturbing their rest, or distracting their critical ears. The situation of Eugène Vernier's room, or *appartement*, as he called it, was sufficiently elevated to render him independent of the other occupiers of the house, being at the highest point, just under the ridge. It was a high-pitched roof too, so that there were other rooms contained in it and other dormer windows underneath his own; but Vernier was above them all, and there could be no harm in warbling a little through his open casement while the windows beneath him were still closed.

Although the position of his garret, just under the ridge, was inconvenient in some respects, the ceiling sloping down from the centre to the floor on each side like the sides of a soldier's tent, yet Vernier esteemed it a great advantage to be so high up in the world, and envied no man. The air was so pure, comparatively, and the light was so clear at that elevation. Those who occupied the lower strata in the house, and especially the dwellers in the *entresol* and *premier*, could have little idea how much they sacrificed for the sake of their more aristocratic and more expensive positions. The day dawned earlier by some seconds at his window than in the street below; and the sun set as much later. Vernier wanted all the light he could have, for he was a working man, and made a great deal of extra time at a bench which he had set up for himself, bringing work home with him from the shop and doing a little business also on his own account. He was a journeyman clockmaker, and cleaned and repaired his neighbours' clocks and watches in his leisure hours. Light therefore to Vernier was money. Besides which, he was remote from all disturbances up there. The "better folks" down below must be subject, he would say, to continual annoyance from those who went up and down the common staircase which served as the approach to all the various flats. But no one ever passed his door; it was an Ultima Thule: there was nothing beyond it except a skylight and a ventilator; no one ever disturbed him after he had retired at night from his bench under the window to his bed at the other end of the room, about four yards distant; the bed occupied a recess, and was curtained off during the day, so that it might almost have been in a different room for anything that was to be seen of it; it was like having two rooms, but without the trouble or expense of them. The rent of course was low, like the room itself. The nearer it approached the sky the less there was to pay for it; and the view from the window alone was well worth all that the *appartement*

cost him. None of those down below had any view at all except of the opposite windows, nor any privacy, unless they kept their blinds and curtains drawn. Vernier could see across the house-tops in the direction of St. Cloud; and could even catch a glimpse between the chimneys of green hills and trees far away. Oh, it was a grand thing to live in the *mansarde* next to the sky, with nothing but the roof between himself and the glorious heavens.

There were some slight inconveniences, but they were not worth thinking about if he could help it. The tiles got very hot in the summer, and the little room soon after sunrise felt like an oven; and in the winter, when the snow lay thick upon the roof, or when the keen frosty wind swept over it, it was with difficulty that Vernier could keep his teeth from chattering when he tried to sing; but what would you have? *Voilà!* there are drawbacks in every rank and position, and the highest situations are not free from them. It is a consequence of our birth as mortals that we must endure certain inconveniences, and therefore it is wise to make the best of them. Such was Eugène Vernier's theory. He certainly tried to make the best of his, and esteemed himself a very fortunate mortal in spite of them.

At the sound of the clockmaker's voice quavering in uncertain notes through the morning air, a flock of pigeons rose from the street below and presented themselves at the open casement.

"Stop, stop, my beauties, my pets!" he exclaimed, hastening to cover up his work-bench, upon which some delicate tools were lying; "patience then! Enter not here, my little ones. Wait but a moment, and I will give you your portion outside on the window-sill. There," laying down a handful or two of peas among them; "yes, you may take them from my hand; you may sit even on my shoulder and pluck them from between my lips; but you must not come near my *horlogerie*. No, no."

One or two only of the bolder and more favoured birds entered the room. The rest remained without upon the tiles, and after they had pecked up all that was laid there for them flew away in search of other food, returning from time to time and peeping in at the window in expectation of a further supply.

The good man did not waste much time upon the pigeons, but set to work at his little bench, rubbing, filing, and polishing the parts of a clock which had been entrusted to him for repairs, singing or talking to himself or to the pigeons when not compelled by the nicety of his operations to restrain his breath.

Presently a knock was heard at his door.

"Ah," said he to himself, "who can it be that comes so early? Nothing wrong, I hope, down below."

He rose and opened the door.

"Ah, my friend, my young Anglais; you are up betimes."

"Yes; the mornings are so pleasant, and I saw the pigeons flying to and fro, and knew that you would be at work, so I got up also."

The speaker was a lad of about fourteen years

of age, tall for his years, of refined and intelligent countenance, but pale and rather melancholy looking, which, though it might have been only a temporary expression, seemed nevertheless in harmony with the general character of his face and more or less natural or habitual.

"So you have your book with you already! Fie, then!"

"You also are already at your work, Monsieur Vernier."

"I am an old man, comparatively; you are but a child, and have time before you."

The boy said nothing, but stood at the window looking out. He had brought some crumbs of bread for the pigeons, and they came at his call and perched upon his fingers to eat them.

"And how is the dear maman this morning?" Vernier asked.

"I have not seen my mother yet," the boy replied. "I would not disturb her. She was very ill last night."

"And the father?"

"I have no father. Monsieur La Roche is not my father, as you know."

Vernier looked at the speaker gravely, and seemed as if he would have remonstrated; but Adrien Brooke, such was the boy's name, anticipated him.

"Monsieur La Roche has not been home since Thursday," he said; "and to-day is Tuesday. My mother has been asking for him, and wants to see him. We have sent to seek him; but he does not come."

"He is away on business most likely; out of town," Vernier answered. "He must go where he is sent. Monsieur La Roche cannot sit still and work in his own home as I can. If he knew that your dear maman was so ill—"

"He does know it; he ought to know it."

"You must not say that; you must not think that he does not care for her. He cares for her, no doubt, as every man must, or ought, for a good wife. I have seen him in tears about her."

Adrien gave an impatient shrug, but Vernier did not notice it.

"A good wife!" he went on; "ah, yes! what a blessing to be thankful for! And what a loss! what a loss!"

He was thinking of his own wife, no doubt, long since dead, and of the blank in his home from that day when she was carried forth and laid in the *cimetière*; but Adrien misinterpreted his emotion, and was alarmed.

"Loss!" he exclaimed; "oh! don't speak so, Monsieur Vernier! You don't think, surely—"

"No, no, no, my child!" said Vernier, dropping the piece of mechanism on which he was engaged and clasping Adrien's hands between his own. "No, no; your dear mother will be better soon. She will be spared to you, I trust, for many years. I hope so, I hope so!"

"Yet she is very ill," said Adrien, trembling with emotion. "I fear every evening, as I return from school, that I may find her worse. The physician will not say what he thinks of her, or what is the matter with her. Oh, Monsieur Vernier! I am very much afraid!"

"Fear nothing, Adrien; put your trust in the bon Dieu. He will do all things for the best. But I will go myself this morning and seek your father—Monsieur La Roche, I mean. I shall pass his office—the office of the daily 'Tisonneur'—on my way to the shop. If he is there I will confront him. Cheer up, my little Anglais! It will be well. Let us have courage!"

The little English boy—for such, indeed, he was, both his father and mother having been of English birth, though it was in France that he himself had first seen the light, and his mother had since married a Frenchman—sat down and opened his book.

"What is it?" Vernier asked—"lessons for the school?"

"No," Adrien replied.

"What then?"

"It is about the sun and moon and stars."

"Voilà!" the old man cried with excitement; "that is worth reading. You shall come to my window again after dark this evening to look out upon the heavens. There is no finer spot for an observatory in all Paris. Look there! What a grand expanse of prospect it commands! I can even draw back my curtain there and lie in my bed and watch the bright stars shining. I know them one by one—all the greatest of them as they pass my window. Look here; this thread, which I can stretch across the casement, serves as an index. I watch and watch while first one star and then another approaches it, seems to halt for an instant behind it—though that is but fancy—and then goes on again and leaves it. I know the hour, nearly, when to expect them. If I could only keep awake I should see them passing slowly, steadily, solemnly all the night through. I feel sometimes that they are looking at me straight through my open window. I fell asleep the other night and dreamed that they were whispering to me, softly, musically, wonderfully, as they came and went. I know not what they said, but it was something weighty and solemn, yet gentle, merciful, and good. I often think of those words in our holy Bible—'When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy'! Ah! that time will come again for us; we shall hear the stars singing together, and shall perhaps sing with them."

Adrien sat still, listening, and Vernier, stooping again over his work, was silent for a time, but presently resumed.

"Every night," he said, "the stars pass my window; they are always moving on, and always in the same direction. All day long they do the same, of course, but we cannot see them because of the daylight. Yet those stars, I am told, are suns like our sun, with worlds moving round them, only they are so far off that their light is scarcely visible. Ah! it is very wonderful; your book perhaps will tell you all about them?"

"My book asserts," said Adrien, "that the stars do not move at all; it is the earth that moves, turning round upon its axis, so that your window really passes before the stars, while the stars remain fixed in their places."

"Your book says that?" Vernier replied. "Ah!

yes, of course; all the books say so, and I suppose they are correct. All the world cannot be wrong, though it is not so very long ago that all the world believed the contrary. Still, I like to think that the stars themselves move, and that they come one after another to look in at my window, going their rounds, and keeping watch over this world of ours. It is quite a different thing for us to look at the stars and for them to come and look at us. No; I would rather believe that they move, and that we stand still. All the world may change their opinion again some day, perhaps, and be right once more."

"I wish my window were as high up as yours is, Monsieur Vernier," said the boy.

"Come to it whenever you like, my little friend. There is not another window like it in all Paris. The views are so grand by night as well as by day; by night especially, for then we look upon the works of the great God just as they left His hand. By day we see houses which men have built, trees which men have planted and pruned; everything, even in nature, has some touch of human interference—improvement, it is called; but at night we see nothing but the calm and solemn stars and the heaven which *His* spirit hath garnished. What are you thinking of?" he asked, observing how the face of his young listener was suddenly lighted up and his eye sparkled.

"My mother would like so much to hear you," he answered. "It is thus that she has sometimes spoken to me. She has the same faith, the same thoughts."

"It is not surprising," said the other, "for she looks upon the same heavens. It is only wonderful that any one should think otherwise; wonderful that there should be any who—"

He checked himself and was silent; but Adrien understood him. The "Tisonneur," to which Monsieur La Roche, Adrien's stepfather, was one of the leading contributors, was a republican and infidel newspaper, and La Roche himself was well known as an ardent supporter of the opinions which it advocated.

Adrien said nothing, but applied himself to his book, and Vernier, seeing him thus employed, went on with his own work in silence.

By-and-by Adrien rose and went to the door. Vernier nodded to him. "I will not forget," he said. "Be tranquil, go to your school with a quiet mind. I shall go down presently to talk with Mademoiselle Thérèse, and will call at the office of the "Tiso"—the newspaper—before you return. Adieu, my young Anglais; adieu."

CHAPTER II.—A RETROSPECT.

No more like my father
Than I to Hercules. —Hamlet.

ADRIEN BROOKE descended the staircase with a light and careful step, and stopped at a door two storeys lower down. Turning the handle silently, he entered the apartment of his stepfather, Monsieur La Roche. It might perhaps have been more correctly described as the apart-

ment of his mother, Madame La Roche, for her husband was so often absent from his home, or, rather, his occasional visits were so hurried and so far between, that he could scarcely be said to reside there at all; while Madame had been for some time past confined to her room, and had scarcely ever left it.

Thérèse, a kind and faithful domestic, who had come to her as *bonne* upon the birth of her son, after her first marriage, and had remained with her afterwards in the capacity of *bonne pour tout faire*, or general servant, waited upon her with unceasing solicitude, and contributed in every possible way to her comfort; but Madame La Roche had many cares and pains of mind to which no one but her husband could afford relief; and he, upon the ground of his numerous engagements as contributor and part editor of the "Tisonneur," seldom came near her. For months past La Roche had treated his wife with neglect, and it was not surprising, therefore, that when she at length fell ill, and lost both the charm of her pleasant looks and the vivacity of her humour, for which she had once been remarkable, Monsieur La Roche should find the atmosphere of the sick-room distasteful to him. He professed to believe that his dear wife was not really so ill as her medical attendant represented; she was fanciful, fretful, *ennuyée*. She ought to go more from home and to take part in the gaieties and amusements of the town. So he said; taking little care to ascertain the true value of his surmises, but advancing them as an excuse for his own selfish disregard of her ailments.

It need scarcely be told, after this statement, that Monsieur and Madame La Roche had not been happy in their wedded life. La Roche had been a widower and she a widow. She was an Englishwoman by birth and he a Frenchman. Her first husband had been one of her own countrymen, a gentleman and of good family, though poor and without any profession. They had been entirely devoted to each other, and as the wife possessed some little property of her own and could not endure that her husband should be looked down upon by her own relatives, who were rather stylish and much thought of in their particular circle, she persuaded him to cross the Channel and to settle down in one of the provincial towns of France, where they could live with more economy and independence.

One son, the boy Adrien, was born to them; and while he was yet an infant the husband and father had been suddenly cut off by an accident. The widow, who had become, as it were, naturalised in France, chose to remain there; and as her friends in England manifested no sort of interest in her welfare, and seemed to have forgotten her existence, she took care to keep out of their sight. They had slighted her while her husband lived, and she did not wish for their patronage now that he was dead. It was not prudent, perhaps, thus to separate herself and her destinies from relatives who were rich, and who might have been of service to her in after years; but she was too proud to be prudent. Mrs. Brooke married, some years later, the journalist La Roche. He had not

at that time adopted the extreme socialistic views to which he afterwards gave expression; for the "*Tisonneur, journal quotidien*," had not then begun to stir up the smouldering embers of infidelity and socialism in the world, or rather in Paris; and it was to accommodate the peculiar tenets of that paper that he, with an elasticity of conscience not to be envied, took up the pen and became an advocate of the doctrines of the Commune.

La Roche had gained the widow's regard chiefly by the interest he manifested in her son, for whom he appeared to have a great affection. He was, perhaps, sincere in this, for he was an enthusiastic, impressionable man, and Adrien was a child of whom any one might have been fond. The mother loved this Frenchman for the love he showed for her son, and was easily led to believe that, as a writer for the press, he would have great opportunities of helping the boy to a place of distinction in the world, for which, as she was persuaded, nature had prepared him. She pictured to herself her son grown up, accomplished, talented, making a name for himself which should be heard in his own country, and would compel the respect even of her relatives, from whom she had experienced nothing hitherto but humiliation and neglect.

The boy, though at that time only eight years of age, already gave promise of intellectual power. He was fond of reading, devoting himself to books which might have been considered far beyond his age, and asking more questions in a few minutes than some wise men could have answered in as many hours. But there was always method in his inquiries; nor could he be satisfied without some reasonable explanation of his difficulties. Monsieur La Roche had himself been struck by these faculties in one so young, and it was not surprising that the child's mother looked upon him as a boy of extraordinary promise, and exaggerated in her own estimation the qualities which had attracted the attention and admiration even of strangers.

But Adrien Brooke had never responded very warmly to the attentions and caresses which La Roche had lavished upon him in the days of his courtship. He seemed, as if instinctively, to entertain a feeling of suspicion, which might at first have been attributed to shyness if the boy's character had been less marked or his manner less independent than it was. Thérèse, the *bonne*, was won over by the affability and seeming warmth of the Frenchman's manner, and did her best to recommend him to her young charge; but Adrien, it appeared, was not to be taken in. He evidently did not believe in La Roche; he seemed to watch his countenance, and to notice the sudden changes from gay to grave, from lively to severe, which any little accident or remark that did not please him would provoke. Perhaps he had opportunities, as a child, of seeing more than his elders were allowed to see. However that might be, Thérèse could not but confess, in later years, that the young boy had instinctively formed a more correct estimate of La Roche's character than either his widowed mother or herself, in their maturer judgment, had been able to arrive at.

After the marriage had taken place, when Madame La Roche took her little boy by the hand and brought him to her husband, bidding him look up to him with all dutiful affection as to a father, the reluctant child fixed his eyes gravely upon the Frenchman's bearded face, but spoke not a word nor gave any token, either of pleasure or the contrary, at the new relationship which had thus been established. He submitted, it is true, to his stepfather's caresses, but did not return them, except in a cold and constrained manner at his mother's desire. He clung ever closer than before to his mother's side, and was evidently alarmed and jealous lest there should be any loosening of the tie of mutual love and dependence which had hitherto bound them so closely and so constantly to one another.

As time went on, and La Roche grew careless and neglectful in his behaviour towards his wife, the young boy, who suffered nothing to escape his notice, watching every gesture and marking even the tone of voice and the expression of features both of the "father," whom he had begun heartily to dislike, and of the mother, whom he loved with, if possible, more devotion than before, could not or would not disguise the indignation which he felt; and though, for his patient mother's sake, he seldom gave expression to his feelings in words, yet his flashing eye, his clenched teeth, and the claspings, clutching movement of his fingers, spoke with sufficient plainness, and soon stirred up an answering wrath in the mind of the offender, who could not endure to be rebuked by a child, especially when his own conscience told him he deserved it.

After some years of this unhappy existence Madame La Roche's health began to fail. Her husband did not notice it, and she herself made no complaint. They were then living in Paris, upon the third stage of the house in which the clockmaker Vernier occupied the attic, or *mansarde*. Even Thérèse, who was constantly with her mistress, was scarcely aware at first how much she suffered. Adrien was the quickest to notice it; and he told Monsieur La Roche plainly what he thought about it; but the latter treated the communication with contempt and bade him hold his tongue. Adrien then consulted his friend Vernier on the subject, and at his instance Thérèse sent for a physician. The doctor's report confirmed their fears; but La Roche, to whom it was, of course, communicated, would not listen to it. A timely removal to a warmer climate, might, it was said, have saved or at least prolonged her life; but La Roche only shrugged his shoulders, expressed his contempt for charlatans in general and for the physician who had prescribed such a remedy for his wife in particular, declared that it was out of his power to do anything, and went away from the apartment with the air and temper of an ill-used man.

Such was the state of affairs at the time when our story opens. Madame La Roche had grown daily weaker, and at the moment when, at Adrien's request, Eugène Vernier had engaged to go in search of her husband, there was reason to fear that her days were numbered, and that, unless an

unexpected change should take place, she had not long to live.

CHAPTER III.—THE WHITE PIGEON.

Death is but change, the last and best :
Lay the fresh violets on her breast,
Lovingly, tenderly, and let her rest.

—Charles Mackay.

ADRIEN BROOKE, entering his mother's sick-chamber, with a light step but a heavy heart, exchanged a few words with Thérèse, and with her permission approached the bedside. Madame La Roche's eyes had been fixed upon him from the moment that he entered the room, and the colour returned for a moment to her face as she put forth her hand, which he took tenderly in his own and kissed. So hot it seemed to him, so hot and dry, and the poor lips so parched! But his mother smiled on him, and assured him she was better; he must not be unhappy about her, but must go his way to school, and think of nothing but his work there; he was getting on so well, so high up for his age, and such a favourite with the masters, Herr Pracht, the German professor in particular; it would be such a pity for him to lose his time, and perhaps his place in class, by staying at home with her. She had read his thoughts, or perhaps betrayed her own, and drew him towards her, clasping his hand fondly, as if she feared to lose sight of him, but almost immediately relaxed her grasp, and bade him go; she would perhaps be sitting up when he returned, she said, and again she prayed him not to be unhappy about her; she should soon be better.

Yet even then her looks belied her words, and the effort which she had made to reassure her child was more than her strength could bear, for she fell back wearied and exhausted on her pillow.

"I cannot go to school to-day," said the boy, turning to Thérèse and speaking in an undertone.

But she persuaded him; it would be better for him, she said, to go away as usual. "If only—if only—"

"If only what, Thérèse?"

"If only monsieur would arrive; if he could be sent for and would come! Madame was so desirous to see him."

"Vernier is going in search of him," said the boy. "Vernier will find him in the office, and will bring him without fail. But he does not care for my mother; his visit will only give her pain."

"He does not know how ill she is," Thérèse answered. "He has not seen her for several days, he is so busy with his 'Tisonneur.' A plague upon his 'Tisonneur'! If only he would come now he would be sorry; he would speak gently and kindly to his wife."

"I don't believe it," said Adrien, stoutly.

"You will see, you will see."

"He has no heart," said the boy.

"Nevertheless he has feelings," she replied.

Adrien would not continue the dispute. At the proper moment he bade his mother tenderly farewell, and committing her with a silent prayer

to the care of his Father in heaven, went away to his school.

Vernier was true to his word. He called at the door of Madame La Roche's apartment to exchange greetings with Thérèse, who was on the watch for him, and to hear her opinion of her mistress's condition, and then went on to the bureau of the "Tisonneur," taking it in his way to the *atelier* of which he was *chef*, or foreman. He shrank from entering the office, especially when he noticed the placards in the window, in which the subjects of the leading articles of the day were advertised in large letters. Communism, outrage, atheistic opinions, contempt for law and order, a general abuse and ridicule of all that ought to be esteemed most sacred, an unscrupulous pandering to the vicious propensities of the lowest and most ignorant of the people—such were the principles, or at least the practice, of the daily "Tisonneur." Vernier looked around him, hoping that there would be no one near to see him going in or out of such a place.

"'Tisonneur'!" he said; "it is well named, to stir up angry passions, as we stir up live coals, which when they burn cannot easily be extinguished, to inflame the discontented, to excite the ignorant, to urge them to their own destruction that they may be consumed by their own violence. 'Tisonneur'! Ah, yes! Incendiary, villain."

In the window also was a plaster cast, life-size, of a female figure, intended as an embodiment of reason; a bold face lifted up as if in defiance of a Higher Power; with limbs only half-clad, standing with sandalled feet upon a globe, on which were inscribed the words, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*."

"Reason!" said Vernier to himself, "the strumpet! fit emblem of man's wantonness and ignorance and folly. 'Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt.' Reason! what can reason do? Can reason keep men's passions in subjection? Can it rule the multitude? Can it restrain the mob? No! He only who ruleth in the heavens, who guides the stars and planets in their courses, can govern men's hearts or regulate their minds. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*! Good words, brave words, when rightly understood and rightly used; but, ah! what wrongs! what cruelties! what crimes have been committed in their name! Liberty for men and women to do what is right in their own eyes!—to tear each other to pieces like the wild beasts—the liberty of tigers! Equality!—of what? of the savage with the civilised, of brutes with men, of devils with angels—equality of the much that is evil in the world with the little that is good; the strong struggling together, and the weak perishing; that's what it comes to. *Fraternité*!—yes; a brotherhood of crime, shaking hands together before they begin to fight, as I have heard the Englishmen do in their *boxe*-battles, but in a different spirit, perhaps. *Fraternity*! ah, bah!

"This, then, is the bureau of Monsieur La Roche, and these are his sentiments. Hélas! poor madame! Hélas! poor Adrien!" and Vernier stood still, shaking his head lugubriously.

He was startled from his reflections by La

Roche himself, who, seeing him standing before the window of the office, and recognising him as a "working man" by the small bag of tools which he carried, held out his hand to him with an air of cordiality, or, as he would have said, *fraternité*. The "*Tisonneur*" had many readers among the working men of Paris, especially those whose sedentary occupations gave them time for thought, brooding over their own rights or wrongs. In their workshops, where they wrought together in groups, four or five at one bench, one of the number would read the "*Tisonneur*" aloud to the rest, a general discussion following. But Vernier, as we have seen, was not one of this kind. He did not appreciate the honour of shaking hands with one of the contributors to the popular journal; and though he suffered him to touch his fingers, did not return his greeting.

Monsieur La Roche was short of stature, dark and sallow, still young, but with deep lines upon his face, and short, uneven wrinkles on his forehead; his lips were thin, so thin as scarcely to conceal the teeth, which would have been better hidden; the eyes were large, dark, and liquid, the only attractive feature in his countenance, but there was an eager, unsatisfied appearance and restlessness about them which detracted from their beauty. He was dressed with scrupulous care, a little towards the extreme of fashion, and evidently did not intend to be mistaken for one of those working men for whom he professed to feel such lively sympathy.

"What is your business? What can I do for you?" he asked, observing that Vernier met his advances coldly.

"I come to you with a message from Madame," said Vernier.

"Ah, you are the man who lives overhead! Well?"

"Madame is very ill."

"Who says so?"

"I say so; Thérèse says so; Monsieur Blanc, the physician, says so. If you do not return to her very soon you will see her no more alive."

"You are joking?"

"Sir, I could not joke on such a subject! What do you take me for? I am not one of your—" and he pointed to the plaster cast in the window without finishing the sentence. "Joke!" he said, after a moment's pause; "I had a wife once, and I lost her. Return to your home at once, Monsieur La Roche, if you would not have your wife go down to the grave without a word of kindness from your lips to comfort her last moments!"

To his surprise, La Roche, who had appeared inclined at first to treat his communication with unconcern, changed colour. He tried to speak, but could not utter a word, and after a few moments burst into tears. Then, suddenly starting off, he brushed past Vernier and walked away with a rapid step in the direction of the Rue Jean Jacques.

"Strange!" said Vernier, looking after him. "Quick of feeling, but too much on the surface, I fear. Now he will go, without reflection, and burst in upon his wife's sick-room and fall down at her bedside and create a scene that will do her

more harm than good. He has treated her thus more than once already. It is impulse, nothing more. Perhaps he is sincere—of course he is sincere, while the impression lasts—but there is no depth, no reality. Adrien knows him well; he has feelings, but no heart. Adrien understands him; Adrien is quick, sharp, clever. But there—I must not think evil of the man. He is in earnest for the moment. Let us hope that it will endure."

With these reflections Vernier pursued his way to his *atelier*, but finding it deserted, for that day was a festival of some kind or other in Paris, he went on, after a short delay through the streets and the faubourg, till he came to where the houses began to give place to the country. Turning aside then into some fields, he began to explore the banks and the turf in search of certain herbs from which a useful *tisane* might be made for the poor invalid for whom he was so much concerned. More than once he had gathered fresh leaves, in the virtue of which he had great faith, and had brought them to Thérèse, and had had the satisfaction of knowing that they had been of service. Vernier was a botanist, and a lover of nature in all its forms; he knew every quiet rural spot—they were not many—within a day's march of the restless city in which he dwelt; knew also what plants and flowers were to be found there, and spent much of his leisure in looking for them. He did not fail now to gather a few wild flowers, though these were scarce in the dry and dusty fields so near the town; but his taste in arranging them, and the kindness of his intention, compensated for all deficiencies in the simple bouquet which he carried to the sick-room.

Thérèse placed her finger on her lips as he handed it in, together with the herbs, and shook her head sadly when he asked after her mistress.

"He is with her now," she said—"the husband; she pined to see him, but I fear he will not do her any good. Ah-h-h!" and she made a grimace expressive of her indignation against La Roche, and withdrew.

La Roche, though he had started off in haste upon the receipt of Vernier's message, had faltered in his resolution before he reached the Rue Jean Jacques. Half a dozen times he had gone to and fro in the adjoining streets before he could make up his mind to ascend the staircase of the house in which his wife lay dying, persuading himself at one moment that there could be no immediate necessity for his attendance, and giving way the next to uncontrollable emotion.

He was much shocked when he at length entered the room and approached her bedside, and could find no words to speak to her.

"I am so glad you are come," she said—"so thankful. I have been wanting so much to see you. I shall not be here long, Léon. Forgive me if I have been impatient—if I have caused you pain—forgive me, my husband!"

"I forgive you, Felicia!" he answered, with sobs, burying his face in his hands; "I forgive you! What a request is that!"

Madame La Roche—Felicia—raised herself slightly, and stretching out her arms, gathered both her husband's hands within her own, and

looked up searchingly into his eyes. The man turned away uneasily, trying to avoid her gaze; but she held him near her, and whichever way he looked the consciousness that she was still gazing at him with her eager penetrating eyes pursued him, and he could not refrain at last from looking down at her, and submitting his own sight to the importunity of hers. His features, usually so rigid and insensible, relaxed; and, sinking down upon his knees by her bedside, he gave free vent to his emotion, the tears coursing each other freely down his cheeks.

The poor woman, still looking at him, sighed, as if in doubt whether this display of feeling might be anything more than a passing eruption. It was long since she had seen him so disturbed. Of late years they had been almost estranged from one another; and she doubted now whether the fault might not have been hers rather than his, or at least in an equal degree. She wanted him now to be her friend for the sake of her child; her child, not his. Though La Roche had promised to be a father to Adrien, she knew too well that there was no real love between them; and yet there was no one else now to whom she could look to take care of her son. La Roche had managed to possess himself of all the little property in money and securities which belonged to his wife when he married her. It was safe, he had told her repeatedly; it was safe, and Adrien would have the benefit of it; but she had no assurance of that beyond her husband's word; and he had so often deceived her. What would become of her boy now, left entirely to the protection of such a man?

"Léon," she said, in a voice scarcely audible, "Léon—my boy—yours for my sake—what will you do for Adrien?"

"All that you would have done for him yourself," he protested. "I swear it."

"You have all that is necessary to make provision for him—for his education—"

"He shall have every franc that I possess. I swear it."

"I do not mean that," she answered, wearily.

She wanted some definite assurance as to her son's future: she could not bear to leave him dependent upon the will or caprice of her husband; but he had evaded hitherto entering into particulars, and her heart misgave her that neither she nor her son had been fairly dealt with.

"Tell me," she said at length, "what you will do for him—what you *can* do for him?"

"Everything," was the vague but earnest reply; "he is my own son; he shall be treated as my own. What more can I say? Leave him to me; be satisfied; be happy."

The door opened at that moment and Adrien entered the room. His mother beckoned to him, and taking his hand, gave it to her husband, who, clasping it firmly in his own, uttered an impetuous vow, rich with extravagant promises—promises which were not likely ever to be realised, but which no doubt were heartily and sincerely meant. It was not what she had desired or hoped for; yet if only she could have trusted her husband to continue of the same mind when the excitement

of the moment should be over, she would have been almost satisfied.

"Give him everything that you have of mine," she said in a whisper to her husband, kissing his cheek as he bent his ear to listen to her. "Give him all my papers and letters; he will value them for his mother's sake, and for his father's, whom he never knew. Promise me this, Léon; and Adrien, my darling boy—look up, Adrien—be a good child to your father: he will be gentle and kind to you."

But Adrien did not stir. Child as he was, he could not simulate an affection he did not feel. He was not of a sullen or unforgiving temper; he entertained no personal or unreasonable dislike to the man who was now kneeling by his side, overwhelmed, as it appeared, with grief at the loss which threatened them both alike. If he could have cast himself into his stepfather's arms and given vent freely to the sorrow and misery which oppressed him, it would have been a great relief to him, and he would have found a prompt and perhaps lasting response to such an appeal. But there were bitter thoughts in his mind, dark and painful recollections, which checked the natural impulse of his heart and seemed to rise up like a barrier between himself and the man beside him. Adrien Brooke was, as we have seen, warm-hearted, and, above all, devoted to his mother. They had been everything to each other. Often the child had comforted her and wiped away the tears which had been called forth by the harsh or even brutal treatment of her husband. She had endeavoured always to conceal from him the cause of her sorrow, but La Roche had not been equally careful, and the boy knew only too well the shameful character of his behaviour towards her. The man was instinctively associated in his young mind with all his mother's unhappiness, and regarded, whether rightly or wrongly, as the immediate cause of her last illness and approaching death.

If Adrien had loved his mother less he might have dissembled and have shown some outward token of regard, or at least of duty, to her husband. But he could not soften towards him now. Now especially, that the mother was about to be taken from him, it seemed to his deeply wounded spirit that he could never be at peace again with any one who had been unkind to her.

We need not prolong this painful scene. The mother's anxious, weary, pleading, disappointed expression as she turned away her face, still holding the hand of her son and pressing its slender fingers into her husband's broad palm, showed only too plainly that she knew intuitively what was passing in their hearts, and despaired of any better or gentler feeling prevailing long between them. She cast her eyes upwards and her lips parted. There was yet hope for her above. The Father in heaven was looking down upon her; His ears were open to her cry. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." Had He not spoken those words, and were they not meant especially for her? To Him she betook herself in the hour of her misery and weakness. "Too wise to err;

too good to be unkind." A gleam of hope, of joy even, lighted up her features for a moment; then a deep sigh rose from her bosom, a sigh of relief or resignation; her eyelids drooped, and all was quiet.

"Felicia—oh, Felicia!" said her husband, in low, trembling tones, observing the change that had taken place. The calm, placid, beautiful expression of the face seemed to show already that the name which had never seemed appropriate to her in her life became her well in death.

Thérèse came to the bedside, and, after a hasty glance, went quickly to the window, and threw the casement open. Some pigeons had settled on the window-sill, as frequently happened. One of these, a beautiful bird, of snowy whiteness, flew in and advanced towards the bed. Thérèse looked at it for a moment with an expression of amazement, not unmixed with awe. It sat perfectly still upon the white bed-clothes, and she did not offer to disturb it. Instead of that she gently approached the spot where Adrien was kneeling and put her arm round his neck.

"Come with me, my child," she said. "May the good Lord have mercy on us! Come, come."

"Ah, but my mother," cried the boy.

"Gone," she said, pointing to the open casement. "Gone. God help thee, my poor child!"

The boy spoke not another word, but suffered himself to be lifted gently from his knees and led away, keeping his eyes fixed upon the inanimate features of his parent till the door was reached. Then breaking suddenly away, he returned and imprinted one long passionate kiss upon her lips, and with a strange light flashing in his large eyes, from which no tears had yet fallen, walked slowly from the apartment.

"Did you see it, darling? Did you see the beautiful white dove upon the bed, like a spirit sent to fetch her home out of this world of sorrow?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"So pure, so gentle, so quiet and solemn. I would have driven it away at first, but dared not."

Thérèse drew the boy towards her and sat down in a corner of the room trembling. Adrien could hear the beating of her heart as she pressed him to her bosom.

The same white pigeon had come every morning for some days past, tapping at the window; it had entered the room more than once when the casement was open; other pigeons had done the same. What was there wonderful in its appearance now?

"I never saw one like it before," said Thérèse, carried away by her excited imagination; "never one so silvery, so white, so solemn!"

La Roche, who had remained upon his knees by the bedside, came presently and looked into the room to which Thérèse and Adrien had retired. He stood at the door for a few moments, and then in a voice subdued and gentle, whispered,

"Adrien!"

Adrien did not look up.

"Adrien, my child!"

"Speak to him," Thérèse whispered.

But Adrien took no notice.

Again La Roche called to him, and this time with something of impatience in his voice.

Suddenly the boy sprang to his feet, and advancing a few steps, stood in an attitude of defiance, anger and indignation flashing from his eyes.

"No!" he exclaimed. "No, no, no! I will not go near you! You were unkind to her—unkind and cruel. Let me alone, I say!"

Then, in the violence of his grief or passion, he flung himself suddenly at full length upon the floor, and lay there as if bereft of life.

Thérèse hastened to raise him in her arms, but La Roche, muttering something between his teeth, dashed out of the room and hurried down the stairs.

CHAPTER IV.—POMPES FUNÉBRES.

What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis?

—Hamlet.

DURING the two or three days which elapsed before the funeral, Adrien and his step-father saw very little of each other. They met occasionally at meal-times, and then sat at opposite ends of the table, with downcast or averted eyes, and seldom exchanged a word. There were but few mourners to follow the coffin to its resting-place, but everything that could be done to render the *pompes* sufficiently imposing was commanded by Monsieur La Roche without any economical restrictions.

At the cemetery a small group of idlers assembled, looking on with a dreary kind of curiosity at a spectacle which, though repeated daily and many times in a day, never failed to attract attention. These did not hesitate to express their opinions to each other of the funeral *cortège* in general, and the appearance of the mourners individually. La Roche especially excited their attention and sympathy. His breast heaved, his tears flowed freely, and it was with difficulty that he could repress his sobs which broke forth audibly from time to time in spite of his efforts.

"That is the widower," the people said one to another. "See how he weeps; poor man! it is a painful sight. He has lost a good wife, no doubt; and he must have loved her dearly. It is not every one that would be so overcome by the loss of a wife. It is a sad thing, then, when those who have been faithful and true to each other, lovers still after marriage, without change, are separated by the hand of death. Yes, he loved her fondly, passionately; see how he suffers: poor man! alas! alas! it is enough to make the heart bleed to look at him."

"But look then at the boy, the son! Do you observe him? her son, they say, not his. He does not weep—he; he walks with a firm step, looking straight before him; he has no handkerchief; his cheek is not wet with tears. See; he will not let his poor father take him by the hand; he is without feeling; he does not seem to know that he is

following his mother to the tomb. Little insensible! he will feel his loss some day, no doubt; but now—look at him. Either he is destitute of proper affection, or he is stupid, *bête*. Again he refuses that his father touch his hand. It is singular truly!"

Thus the busybodies, judging by the outward sign alone, formed their conclusions; giving their sympathies freely to the widower, whose hysterical ejaculations and bursts of weeping touched their hearts, and condemning the poor orphan child for the seeming want of filial affection, which his firm and resolute bearing alone concealed from observation. Remorse and self-reproach may have filled the breast of the Frenchman, whose grief was doubtless for the moment deep and sincere; but none could know how severely the heart of the young child was wrung, nor how great was the effort which sustained him in his resolution not to suffer his tears to flow or his agitation to be apparent to the bystanders.

Yet it was not that he shrank from the sympathy even of strangers; he could have wept freely in their presence, and it would have been a relief to him. It was the sight of La Roche's emotion that repressed and checked his own; it was the sound of his stepfather's sobs and groans that hardened him and kept him comparatively calm and silent. Sorrow, it is well known, is infectious, at least in its outward signs; and La Roche may have been provoked to greater demonstrations by the sight even of the pall and its surroundings and by the evident appreciation of the multitude. But nothing of this kind had any effect upon Adrien. One thought prevailed over every other in his mind. He could have no sympathy, nothing in common with this man who walked by his side and from whom he would have separated himself if possible on the way to his mother's grave. The grief of that man was not, could not be sincere: at all events it could not be of the same kind as his own. So Adrien thought and felt. He was jealous of La Roche's sorrow; he resented it, because he did not believe in it. There could be no reality in those passionate sobs and sighs which excited the commiseration of the multitude. It was a mockery. Ah! If they only knew what he knew! But no matter. They might think of him as they would. He would not have any share of their compassion, nor be linked together with La Roche in their thought as a companion of his sorrow.

It was thus that the boy of fourteen years, setting his teeth together and looking with dim but tearless eyes straight before him, drove back the grief which weighed upon his heart and would not have it seen or recognised. Indignation, anger, contempt, if one may so describe it, gave him a momentary strength which was in itself more painful to him than the wildest utterances of sorrow could have expressed.

During the whole of the funeral service Adrien bore himself thus resolutely. At the grave he was on the point of breaking down; his breast heaved, his face quivered, every nerve in his body tingled; but at that moment La Roche, losing all restraint, broke forth into more extravagant gesticulations,

and that steeled and hardened him again. He would not weep with his stepfather, nor lament with the same lamentation.

When they were about to re-enter the carriages, Adrien passed on with a quick step, and instead of taking his place in the same vehicle with La Roche, sprang into the one in which Thérèse was sitting all alone, her face buried in her handkerchief. There he fell upon her lap, and the grief so long repressed burst forth at last in an agony of sobs and inarticulate lamentations.

Arrived at their apartment, La Roche, who had but an indistinct perception of what was passing in the mind and heart of his son, for so he would have regarded him now that the mother was no more, spoke kindly to him and would have offered something more than the commonplace expressions of sympathy; but Adrien repelled him and turned away from him to the window. The pigeons were there waiting to be fed, the white pigeon among them. La Roche brought him a handful of bread for his pets. The boy looked at him with surprise, but did not hold out his hand for the food.

"Adrien, my child," said the man, laying his hand gently upon his shoulder.

Adrien started, shrank away involuntarily from the touch, drew his breath rapidly, but did not speak.

"Ah, my poor boy, what a loss you have sustained!" said La Roche, in agitated tones.

Adrien did not reply.

"It is terrible for you to lose such an excellent mother—terrible for you, Adrien."

Every muscle of the child's face was working; there was something so really sad in the accents and voice of his stepfather; he turned, and for a moment it seemed as if he would have clasped the hand which now rested caressingly upon his forehead.

"Ah yes!" La Roche went on; "terrible for you to lose such a mother! and for me to lose such a wife!"

Adrien's figure straightened itself at those words. He could not yet believe that the man who had shown so little affection for his wife while she was alive, who had neglected her during her last illness, and had suffered her to pine away when, with proper care and attention, she might perhaps have been saved, could be sincere in lamenting her now that she was dead. If he had spoken in terms of self-reproach, if he had shown any poignant remorse for his own behaviour, Adrien might have been touched; but his own sorrow was too deep, too sacred to admit this man, whom he regarded almost as his mother's murderer, to any participation in it.

La Roche turned away presently, with mingled pain and anger, and abandoned all further attempts at conciliation with one so young and so obdurate. He left the house soon afterwards, saying apologetically to Thérèse that he must go to his work, which had been too long neglected. Paris must have its newspapers; the country subscribers must have their feuilleton; the public must be supplied with their customary excitement, whatever private sorrows might prevail. Thérèse

did not doubt that he was glad of an excuse to quit the dreary atmosphere of his apartment, and both she and Adrien rejoiced to be relieved of his presence.

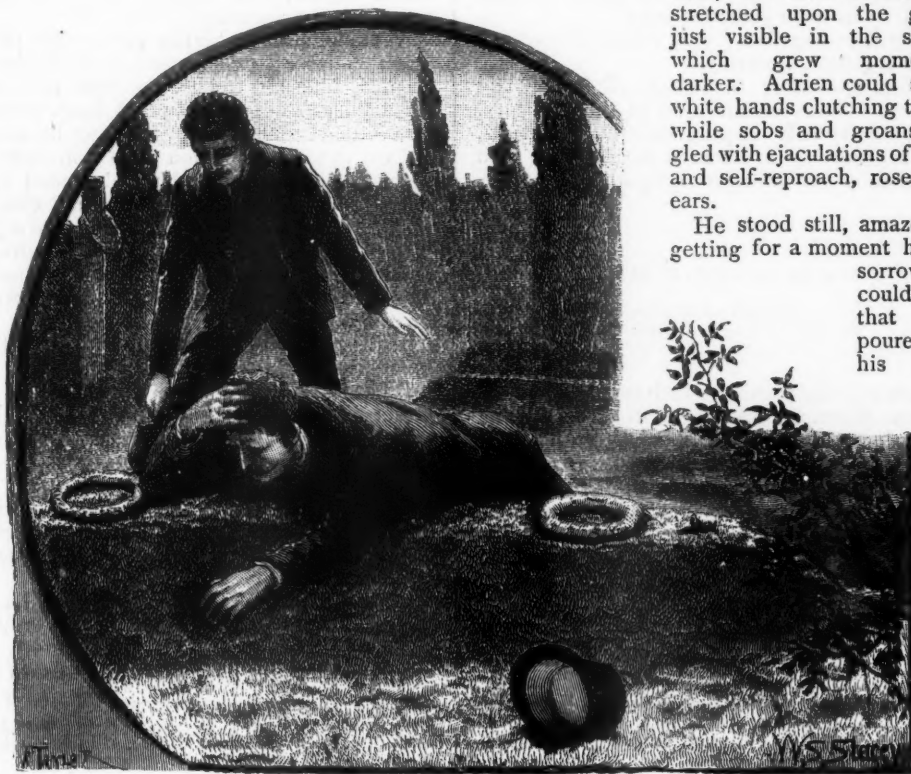
Later in the evening Adrien also went out. Thérèse was very busy arranging her mourning dress and bonnet, which Monsieur La Roche, in the first moment of his grief, had ordered for her, regardless of expense, and which required careful treatment, and she did not at first notice his absence. The concierge down below saw him pass

inwardly as he made his way through the several streets which the funeral procession had traversed at a much slower and more proper pace a few hours earlier, and arrived at the cimetière while it was yet light, and before the gates were closed.

He had no difficulty in finding the spot where the newly-raised mound covered the remains of her whom almost alone in all the world he had loved. He sprang forward on approaching it, and, giving vent to his sorrow so long pent up, would have thrown himself upon the grave. But

some one else was there before him; the form of a man lay stretched upon the ground, just visible in the shadows which grew momentarily darker. Adrien could see the white hands clutching the soil, while sobs and groans, mingled with ejaculations of despair and self-reproach, rose to his ears.

He stood still, amazed, forgetting for a moment his own sorrow. Who could it be that thus poured out his heart



MONSIEUR LA ROCHE.

out, and asked him with kindly interest whither he would go at that hour, and was half inclined to stop him, observing how strangely sad he looked, and fearing that he was scarcely in a fit state to take care of himself; but Adrien did not reply to his question, and passed on as if he had not heard him.

"He is going to his poor mother's grave, to weep there," said the concierge to his wife, as they looked after the poor lad, noticing the direction he took and the quickness of his step, which denoted an earnestness of purpose that could hardly be attributed to any other motive. "Go then and tell Madame Thérèse, that she may follow him, if she will, or in any case may know where to look for him."

They were right. Adrien hastened on, sobbing

upon the grave of one whom no one but himself—so the boy thought—could have so loved and so lamented? He watched and listened for some moments, the mourner, whoever he might be, being too much absorbed with his own grief to notice the presence of a spectator. That voice! those cries! surely they were familiar to his ear!

Could it be the form of his stepfather that lay there prostrate upon the ground in the solitude and gloom of the graveyard? Yes; there was the man whom he had reproached as unfeeling and insincere, whose sympathy he had repelled, whose grief he had even resented. There, where, as he evidently believed, no eye could see and no ear hear him—there was La Roche, beating his breast and giving free expression to the sorrow, amount-

ing, as it seemed, almost to despair, with which his heart was burdened.

Adrien, subdued and ashamed, drew near and knelt down quietly by his stepfather's side; but La Roche did not notice him.

"My father," he said, in broken accents—"my father!" and touched him gently with his hand.

La Roche started up, and, recognising the boy, clasped him fervently in his arms.

"Adrien, my son!" he exclaimed.

For some moments both were silent.

"Why did you come hither?" La Roche inquired presently. "But why do I ask? Go, go, my child! this is no place for you!"

"We will go together," said Adrien; "we will go away together, presently."

Thérèse, hastening in search of her young charge, met them in the gate of the cemetery, walking side by side clasping each other's hands, drawn together by a common sorrow, and with every token of the sincerest sympathy and affection.

CHAPTER V.—GRANDES EAUX.

This great roundabout—
The world—with all its motley rout!

—Couper.

IF Paris and the provinces had been dependent upon Monsieur La Roche for the stirring articles with which the columns of the daily "Tisonneur" were usually charged, the demand for those lively contributions to the literature of the country would have remained for once unsatisfied; for Monsieur La Roche accompanied his "son" to their apartment in the Rue Jean Jacques, Thérèse following closely upon their heels, and they spent the evening there very quietly together, though, it may be added, neither of them were sorry when it was over. To Adrien all was very strange, but he could not doubt that the emotion he had so unexpectedly witnessed was real, and the sorrow or remorse, whichever it might be—perhaps both—as deep-seated and genuine as it appeared.

La Roche went to his work the next morning as usual, and returned at night, but he had no idea of spending another evening there as he had spent the last. Already he had begun to feel that he had placed himself in a false position with regard to Adrien, and was half inclined to repent of his repentance. He may also have feared that inconvenient questions might arise as to the future. He did not know how far Adrien had been taken into confidence by his mother on the subject of her property, which was intended for his use, but of which La Roche was not prepared to render an account. He was silent and reserved in manner when he and Adrien were together, but spoke kindly, and even affectionately, to him whenever he had occasion to address him.

At the end of a week things had returned very much to their former course. La Roche seemed to have recovered his usual spirits, and spent nearly the whole of his time either at the office of the "Tisonneur" or in the cafés and other places

of public resort. A fortnight had not elapsed since his wife's death when La Roche proposed, one Sunday morning, that Adrien should accompany him and one or two of his friends to spend the day at Versailles, telling him that it was time now to throw aside his melancholy looks and manners; he must cheer up and forget the past, and endeavour to enjoy life like other people. He was offended and annoyed because Adrien would not consent to this species of dissipation, while Adrien, on his part, felt his former suspicions of his stepfather's sincerity revive, and the dislike, which he had only imperfectly overcome, again took strong possession of him.

Yet Thérèse, the depth and reality of whose affection for his late mother he could not doubt, seemed, like La Roche, to have regained her usual cheerfulness, and would have joined with him in persuading the boy to forget his sorrow, or at least to seek distraction from it in some of the numerous amusements which abounded in Paris. "You will be moped to death, my child," she said. "Did not the good English curé say, when he called to see you the other day, 'Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning'? To-morrow morning, especially, there will be a great fête at Versailles with grandes eaux. All the fountains will play, and all the world will be there to see and to be seen. Go with your father, Adrien; why not?"

But Adrien shook his head very decidedly. "I am not moped," he said; "and I will not go with Monsieur La Roche."

"Go with me, then," said Thérèse. "I am weary of these four walls and that opposite view in this narrow street. It is time to see something of the world. Let us go to Versailles together; all Paris will be there."

"All Paris! Yes; and Monsieur La Roche with the rest. No; I will not go to Versailles."

Thérèse had been thinking, naturally, of her new silk dress and bonnet. They were of sombre hue, of course, and not exactly suited for a gala day, but they were of good material, and graceful and becoming in their make. Thérèse had not yet had an opportunity of exhibiting them, except on the Sunday following the *pompes*, as she persisted in calling her late mistress's funeral, and then only for a short *démie* in the Champs Elysées. The weather was charming, and there were *fêtes* every Sunday at Versailles. She would not leave Adrien alone, but it was trying to be prevented going up with the multitude to the grandes eaux under such circumstances. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," Thérèse pleaded, in broken English. She had heard Madame La Roche quote the proverb when remonstrating with her son upon his too great devotion to his books and his inquiring and pensive disposition, so much beyond his years.

Adrien felt his eyes suffused with tears, but he could not be induced to seek amusement at Versailles, where his stepfather would seek it. He had a dislike also to Sunday excursions. Sunday had been a day of great happiness to him while his mother was alive. He had spent many quiet, pleasant hours alone with her on Sundays,

while Monsieur La Roche was enjoying himself after the fashion of his country, and even Thérèse was absent, observing her Sabbath after her own way, visiting her friends and exhibiting any little finery that she possessed in the public gardens.

He consented, however, to make a promenade with Thérèse into the country; and Vernier, being invited, went with them. He took them into the fields and showed them where the herbs grew which had provided a cooling draught for the poor invalid mother when she was feverish and thirsty, and where the flowers were culled of which he had formed a simple but beautiful wreath to place upon her coffin. He discoursed eloquently also on the botanical characteristics of the flowers, and Adrien was interested and lingered long upon the spot; but Thérèse did not enjoy it much. The country it must be confessed was not pretty, in fact it could scarcely be called country; and if it had been ever so charming, Thérèse never cared much for rural beauty and retirement. There was no *monde*; and the dusty roads, as they plodded along in the heat of the day, were very trying to her dress with its trimming of *crêpe*, and—to her temper also.

"Ah, *que poussière!*" she would exclaim, as she shook the flounces of her dress; "it is enough to make one weep."

"It is very unpleasant," Adrien replied. "It gets into one's eyes and nostrils; my lips even are begrimed with it."

"Eyes! nostrils! lips! oh yes! it is true; but cast your looks then upon my bonnet!"

The bonnet had indeed suffered terribly. Thérèse could not see it herself, but she knew that it was ruined, and spread her handkerchief over it to protect it. She ought to have done it sooner, but what use is a bonnet when hidden under a white pocket-handkerchief? Bonnets were never intended to be so concealed.

"And to think of the grandes eaux at Versailles, and all the world there!" she exclaimed, pathetically. "Ah, Adrien, my poor child! what have I not endured for thee? But no matter, no matter!"

Adrien resolved that if Thérèse should ask him to go with her to Versailles on the next *fête*-day he would not refuse, unless—unless La Roche should also be going thither. In that case it would be impossible; he could not go in company with his stepfather and his stepfather's friends; he could not even run the risk of meeting him there, and of having it supposed that they were both on pleasure bent and both alike seeking to dissipate or forget their sorrow.

Another *fête*-day came soon, and as Monsieur La Roche was from home, in the provinces somewhere it was supposed, Adrien and Thérèse made their proposed excursion to Versailles. There was plenty of *monde*, plenty of gaiety, plenty of fashionable apparel; and Thérèse was proud to think that she, although *en demi deuil*, could hold up her head with any of them. Adrien wanted to explore the shady walks and plantations, but Thérèse refused to quit the open spaces near the fountains, which seemed to have a peculiar fascination for her. Yet she was not quite happy even there,

until, whether by accident or design, she met with a friend, one Monsieur Grolleau, who had visited her more than once lately in the Rue Jean Jacques. After that Adrien began to feel that he was in the way, and soon grew weary of the crowd, in the midst of which he felt himself more lonely and depressed than ever. He had brought a book with him, and seeing Thérèse absorbed with her *cher ami*, he told her he would sit and rest himself in one of the alcoves, and Thérèse, glad to be released for a time, went away and left him.

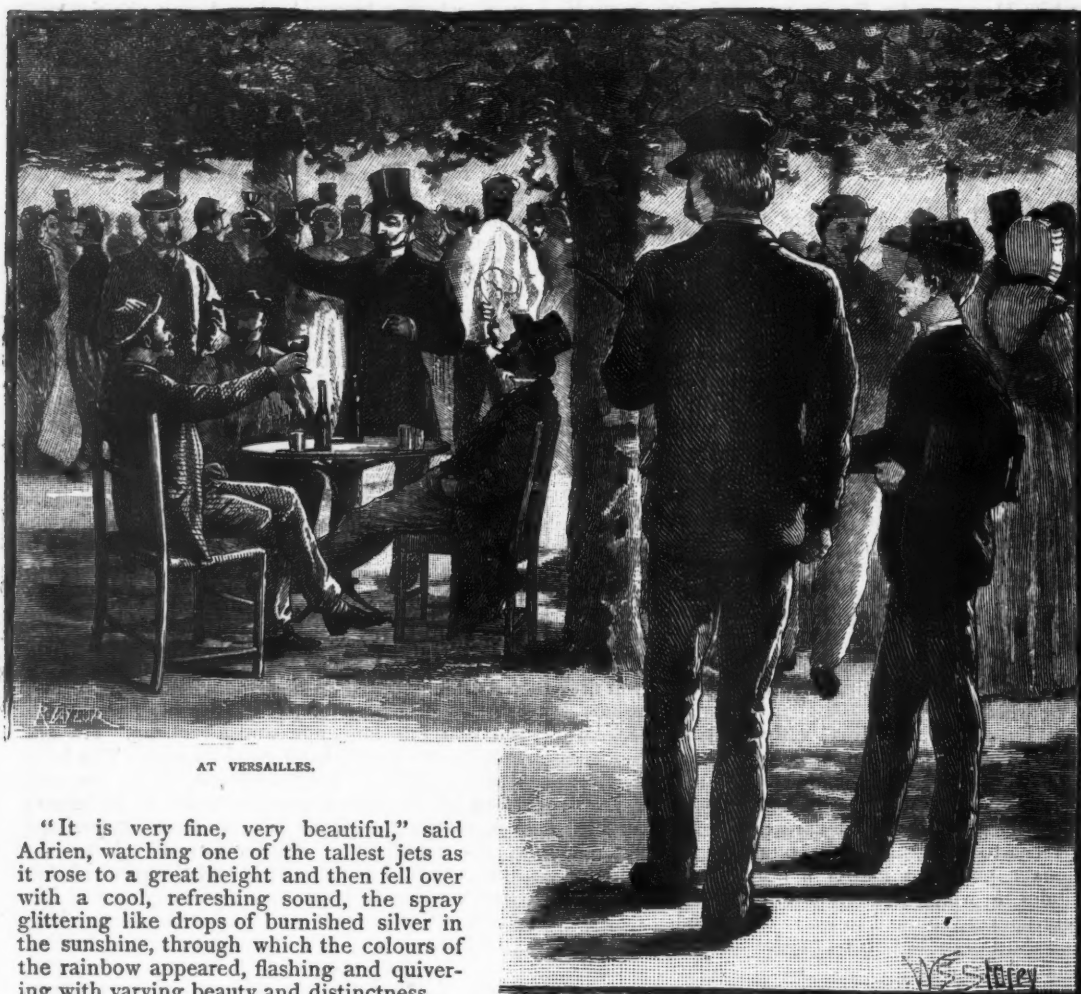
The volume which Adrien took from his pocket was an elementary handbook of science—a "*Manuel de Physique Amusante*," full of facts and experiments, but devoid of proper arrangement, and calculated rather to amuse than to instruct. It served, however, to stimulate inquiry. Adrien could never be satisfied without knowing the causes from which effects proceeded, and the phenomena brought under his notice in the pages of this book made him desirous to look more deeply into the mysteries of nature. He was puzzling over one of these problems, forgetful of the crowd which came and went at a short distance from his retreat, when a familiar voice greeted him.

"Ah, ha! Soh! Then it is you, my young Englisher. Wherewith do you engage yourself so earnest?"

Adrien looked up and recognised one of the masters of his school, Herr Pracht, professor of the German language and literature. He and Pracht had always been good friends. The latter was no lover of Frenchmen, and from the time when Adrien came under his tuition he had shown a particular regard for him, on account, perhaps, of his nationality. Adrien was, like himself, a foreigner, and of more staid and thoughtful habits than the French boys, whose vivacity caused him continual annoyance and embarrassment. Herr Pracht, moreover, was anxious to perfect himself in the English language, with a view to a professorship in England. He was glad, therefore, to converse with Adrien, who, for his part, rejoiced in the opportunity afforded him of improving his own acquaintance with German. Adrien spoke English perfectly, though with a slight foreign accent. With French also he was of course familiar, but he did not like it, chiefly because La Roche was a Frenchman. Herr Pracht also objected strongly to the French language and to everything else that was French, though for a different reason.

"Ah, what a crowd!" said the German, as he and Adrien walked along the broad straight walks in front of the Palace. "What a *foule* of people, as they would call themselves. A fool in your English tongue means senseless, idiot. How expressionable is your language! I have it as fond almost as my own. A fool of people! ha, ha! A folly! ha, ha! Hear once how they talk. See what gestures they make. How they do stand and stare at their great waterfalls! Fountains you call them? Soh! fountains; yes."

And he made a note of the word in a little memorandum-book which he carried about with him.



AT VERSAILLES.

"It is very fine, very beautiful," said Adrien, watching one of the tallest jets as it rose to a great height and then fell over with a cool, refreshing sound, the spray glittering like drops of burnished silver in the sunshine, through which the colours of the rainbow appeared, flashing and quivering with varying beauty and distinctness.

"Ah, what are these for fountains? Everything in this country is made for show. I do not think much of such a play."

"Are there many grand fountains in Germany?" Adrien asked.

"Oh, yes; very many; but they are for usefulness—springs, sources, baths, hot and cold, good for all kinds of disorders and eruptions. These people have water to look at; ours is for use. There are disorders and eruptions enough in this country which the waters will not cure. There are fires stirred which no fountains will put out."

This last observation was called forth by the action of a shrill boy, who ran past shouting, "Tisonneur!" and who paused for a moment to offer a copy of the incendiary paper to Herr Pracht and Adrien.

Passing near one of the cafés where a group of gentlemen were lounging about, or sitting at the little marble tables, smoking cigarettes, drinking, laughing, and gesticulating, Herr Pracht stood still, and pointed to the scene with an expression of contempt.

"See," he said, as he took the great heavy pipe

which was his constant companion from his mouth—"see what a people, what a country!" Then he looked down at the capacious bowl of his meerschaum, comparing it in his mind with the puny cigarettes of the Frenchmen, sighed, replaced the pipe between his lips, and would have passed on.

Adrien, though he could well understand the professor's general dislike to the people among whom his lot was cast, knowing how much he had suffered from the young French boys at the school, who made his life bitter to him for being a German, could not agree with him in his apparent contempt for everything French. But his eyes followed the direction indicated by Herr Pracht, and his attention was at once arrested in a way that the German had not anticipated. Foremost and liveliest among the group, with a cigar in one hand and a glass of liqueur in the other, a smile upon his lips, and his whole face lighted up with careless hilarity, he recognised his stepfather, La Roche.

La Roche had risen from his chair, and was

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"standing in a jaunty attitude, as if about to address his companions, who were laughing aloud, and applauding some good joke which he had just uttered. He did not observe Adrien, and the boy's first impulse was to withdraw in haste from a scene which jarred so severely upon his feelings; but he stood still nevertheless, he knew not why, gazing upon the face of his stepfather, and trembling with excitement.

Waiting and listening thus, he heard enough to convince him that this widower of hardly three weeks had, for the moment at least, entirely put away all remembrance of the pure and gentle-hearted woman upon whose grave the grass had not yet begun to grow, had forgotten his own unfaithfulness and cruelty towards her, for which he had manifested such lively if not extravagant sorrow, and seemed to have no other object than to enjoy the passing hour, and no higher ambition than to attract, by his coarse attempts at wit, the admiration and laughter of the younger men around him, of whom he seemed to be the centre and leader. Adrien felt every nerve tingle with indignation. Yet there was more of sorrow than of anger in his heart; and the hot colour rose to his forehead at the thought that his friend Pracht should be there to witness this shameful exhibition, and that he himself should have been induced to mingle with a crowd of holiday-makers where such a scene was possible.

"Come along," said Pracht, drawing him by the arm; "let us go wider."

But Adrien, as if by some kind of fascination, remained where he was, looking towards La Roche, hoping to catch his eye, and to arrest if possible this heartless exhibition of himself.

The topic of conversation, and the subject of La Roche's *bon mot*, it presently appeared, was matrimony—not holy matrimony, as instituted of God in the time of man's innocence, but a theme for jesting and banter, as it is indeed too often among those who might be supposed to know better.

One of the party was an Englishman, whom Adrien had seen once or twice before in La Roche's company, but whose name he had never heard. In another he recognised a Monsieur Noixdegalle, one of the editors or contributors to the "*Tisonneur*."

"If I ever marry," Noixdegalle was saying—"if I ever marry, the object of my choice will be an Englishwoman."

"And if I ever marry," the Englishman replied, also with an emphasis upon the *if*, "it will be a Frenchwoman."

"If"—do you say 'if'?" Noixdegalle rejoined. "Is it not true then, as all the world reports, that you are married already?"

"As you will," was the answer. "Let all the world say what it pleases; that is my affair. But seriously, Noixdegalle, my friend, I would not advise you to cross the Channel for a wife. You would be better suited among your own *compatriotes*."

This expression of opinion led to some banter, and the English domestic character was discussed from a humorous point of view, with

much laughter and "shaking of empty heads," as Herr Pracht observed, and the general conclusion was adverse to Noixdegalle's idea of allying himself with an Englishwoman. Adrien would not have cared one straw what they said or how they settled the question; but when an appeal was made to La Roche for his opinion, and he, with scarcely a passing shadow on his face, gave his voice, though only in a monosyllable, against an English wife, Adrien could restrain himself no longer.

He sprang forward, and would have precipitated himself upon the offender had not Herr Pracht, who had been watching him closely, held him back, placing at the same time his hand upon his lips. In a moment the boy recovered himself, and was thankful that he had been so restrained. He turned away and hastened from the crowd, striding on at a pace which even his tall friend could with difficulty keep up. To have provoked a scene, and to have set people questioning and talking, was the last thing that Adrien would have desired. These men were, most probably, but casual acquaintances of La Roche. They could have known nothing of his domestic relations or they would never, with all their thoughtless frivolity, have appealed to him on such a topic. Adrien felt that he could not be thankful enough to his German friend for having withheld him from giving vent publicly to his passionate indignation; yet every word, every look, every gesture of those who had taken part in the scene above described were burnt into his memory like a scar. Words at random spoken they appeared to be, but, as events subsequently proved, fraught with a significance which could not have been foreseen or apprehended. However painful the remembrance to our young hero, it was well for him, as the sequel to this history will show, that he had overheard this conversation, and that it was impressed so deeply and so firmly in his mind as never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.—FLIGHT.

The sorrows of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightest rainbows ever play
Above the fountains of our tears.

—*Allingham*.

THOUGH Adrien Brooke had broken away from the group whose thoughtless remarks had given him so much pain, the moment that Herr Pracht had, with a touch, recalled him to himself, his impetuous movement towards La Roche had not escaped observation. All eyes had for a moment been turned towards him with the expectation of some new excitement. None, perhaps, had recognised him; none, probably, knew who he was, or by what impulse he was stirred. He had sprung forward one moment with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and the next he had turned away and hastened from the spot. "*Ce petit drôle*," they called him, looking after him, gesticulating with their cigarettes and laughing in each other's faces. "What did he want there?" and the tall man who was stalking after him;

where had they come from? whither were they going?"

La Roche, to whom a general appeal was made, since he had been apparently the object of attack, professed himself unable to gratify their curiosity. He had seen nothing, and knew nothing, so he said. But they did not believe him. He was evidently upset by the occurrence, and turned away and left them in order to avoid their inquiries.

La Roche had indeed recognised Adrien; their eyes had met, and each understood only too well the meaning of those looks so interchanged; on the one hand, indignation and contempt; on the other, shame, resentment, anger.

Adrien's first thought was to return at once to Paris; he had had enough of holiday-making; and he took the direction of the railway station, followed by Herr Pracht, but too much excited and out of breath to speak to him. He remembered, however, after a time, that Thérèse would be uneasy at his disappearance. He was quite able, of course, to take care of himself; but he had reason to know that she was not of that opinion. Thérèse treated him still as a child; and on such an occasion as this it was to be expected that she would consider herself especially responsible for his safety, and would hesitate to leave Versailles without him.

He returned, therefore, by some of the numerous shady paths which intersected the plantations, to the alcove, or *loge*, where he had parted from her, Herr Pracht still keeping him company. Before he reached the spot he observed Thérèse leaning in a very intimate manner upon the arm of her friend, who was looking down at her in a most loving fashion and whispering into her ear. Their faces were very close together, and they had evidently sought retirement from the more crowded part of the grounds that they might enjoy what appeared to be a most interesting and affectionate *tête-à-tête*.

Although Monsieur Grolleau had been occasionally to visit Thérèse at the Rue Jean Jacques, it had never occurred to Adrien that they were contemplating matrimony: the idea had not entered his head; and, in fact, while Madame La Roche survived, Thérèse herself could scarcely have been said to have thought seriously of leaving her. But now it was evident that these two were pledged to one another.

Adrien stood still for a moment observing them. He was mortified, grieved, angry. What then? Had Thérèse also so soon forgotten her grief? Was it for this that she had been so desirous of going, with all the world, to Versailles? was this the chief object in her thoughts when she trimmed her little tasty bonnet, her *mourning* bonnet, with the black and violet flowers, and arrayed herself in the well-fitting black-silk dress—from which the dust-stained crape had been removed already—which became her so well and gave her an appearance above her station?

"They are all alike!" he said to himself, bitterly; "they care for no one but themselves!"

He did not understand the selfishness of his own sorrow, the unreasonableness of expecting from

others the same depth of feeling which was natural to himself. He felt only that he was lonely, deserted, miserable. Forgetting Herr Pracht, he turned upon his heel, and going straight to the railway station, entered a train which was just leaving the platform for Paris. Herr Pracht was obliged to hasten his movements in a way that was very unusual with him, or he would have been left behind, but he had too much kindness and sympathy for Adrien to think of leaving him alone at such a time, and springing into the carriage, urged by a smart push from the conducteur, which he, as a German, vehemently but helplessly resented, he took his place opposite to Adrien.

There he fingered his pipe, which was extinct, in silence. He had intended to buy a box of *allumettes* at Versailles, but had had no time to do so. His eyes wandered from his pipe to his young friend, with an air of wonder and concern. He was troubled in mind about Adrien; he was in wrath also, about the conducteur, who had ventured to lay hands upon him; and his pipe was not available to help or soothe him.

"Have you ever been in England, Herr Pracht?" Adrien asked, after a long silence, and *a propos de rien*, as it seemed.

"England? No; but I will go there some day; it is my wish, my hope. You also have never been in England?"

Adrien answered only by a shake of the head.

"And yet it is your fatherland. You do not consider yourself Frenchman?"

"Frenchman? No, indeed!"

"Yet you were born in France."

"How could I help that?" Adrien answered, sharply.

"No, no; of course; you could not help it; it was not your fault. I did not mean to imply that you were to blame. You are true Englisher, no doubt. You have all your friends in England? Yes?"

"No," said Adrien.

"That is strange."

"Not strange at all. I do not know any one in England," he went on in more subdued tones, and beginning to feel a little ashamed of his abruptness. He had heard his mother speak of friends in her own country; but she had been separated from them for years, and all communication with them had ceased.

"No," he said; "there is no one there who knows me; but that will make no difference. I should like to go there."

"I also."

"I should like to go there, if only—"

"Yes?"

"If only to break away from this place, this country, and everybody in it."

"Everybody?"

"Forgive me, Herr Pracht; but you are not of this country, you know."

"Quite certainly I am not. And I also will go to England."

"Soon?"

"As soon as I can detach myself."

Adrien said no more, but sat with his eyes fixed

on the distance, as if contemplating, through the window of the carriage, that fatherland of which he had been speaking.

After they had left the train and were walking through the streets, Herr Pracht, locking his arm in Adrien's, and breathing tobacco into his ear, whispered eagerly, in broken sentences—

"This term I quit my school. This term I finish, if I live so long. I have no comfort of my life among those French boys; it is *lebens-gefährlich*—life-dangerous. Then I go to England. What think you? Do I yet speak your tongue good enough? Dare I take post to teach already in your schools? Will your English boys be mild to me? This term I quit, I finish, and I will go to England. You also—not so?"

"Yes," said Adrien; "yes, I hope so. We shall meet there, Herr Pracht. I shall then have one friend at least in my own country."

"I also," the professor answered, feelingly.

They parted at the foot of Adrien's staircase.

"There is no one at home," said the concierge, giving him the key, and looking at him compassionately, as Adrien thought.

"*Tant mieux*," said the boy, brusquely, as he sprang up the stairs.

"*Tant mieux!*" the man repeated, looking after him; "it is *drôle*, that. But I am glad; he revives; he recovers his spirits; that is good."

Adrien opened the door of his room, and withdrawing the key locked it again from the inside. Then he went to the open window and looked forth, resting his head upon his hands. The tall houses rose opposite to him, but his eyes lingered not on them. Far, far away, to that unknown fatherland of which he had been speaking his gaze went forth, picturing to his imagination its shores, its white cliffs—"Albion," its hills and valleys, its beautiful woodlands, its picturesque cottages, its towns, its people. All these had been described to Adrien by his mother in moments of confidence, at times of longing and regret which would come over her, almost persuading her to return to her own country. But La Roche had possessed himself of all her money, and would give her no opportunity of leaving him even for a short visit. Nor could she have endured to appear among her English friends in a state of greater need than when she parted from them. With Adrien the case was different. He was an Englishman at heart, with all the national instincts inherited from his parents. He was young, healthy, active, and did not want help from any one, so he imagined. What was there, now that his only relative was dead, to keep him in a foreign land?

Friends! No; he had said truly that he had none, none at least on whom he could depend for kindness or assistance in England. But what friends had he in Paris? A stepfather. Pah! Thérèse? she would be married soon and leave him, and why not? He was no longer a child, and did not require her services. Vernier he would be very sorry to leave. The clockmaker had been an excellent friend to him, comforting him under his troubles, checking the impetuosity of his temper, giving him good and cheering

advice, inspiring him with some of his own happy confidence in a divine and gracious Providence, and cherishing the growth of religion in his heart, not only by a few simple words now and then, but also by the example of his own Christian charity and quiet peaceful life. Vernier, it is true, was a "Catholic," a Roman Catholic he would have said if he had thought it necessary to make distinctions; but while conforming outwardly to the requirements of his church, he took the liberty to read his Bible, and strove to live in all good conscience according to the standard of life and doctrine which he found there.

Yes; he would be very sorry to leave Vernier, and some others also who had been kind to him; but—and then the vision of his fatherland rose up again with more distinctness than before, and his heart leapt towards it.

The soft cooing of the pigeons in the court below fell pleasantly on his ear without disturbing his meditations. Presently two or three of them flew up to his window-sill, expecting their customary dole of bread-crumbs or peas. Adrien fed them, and they flew away; and when he looked down again after watching their flight, there upon the sill was the white pigeon which had appeared at the window a few days before his mother's death. It did not seem to come or go with the others, but had alighted without his noticing it. Adrien did not share Thérèse's superstitious fancies about this bird, but he could not help looking at it with more than ordinary interest, and with feelings in which pleasure and pain were mingled. He had never been able to make out where it came from nor whither it went, and did not remember to have seen one like it feeding with the rest upon the tiles or in the courtyard. It sat quite still, looking up at Adrien with its clear pink eye, but fluttered up and evaded him when he put forth his hand to touch it. In so doing one or two feathers fell from its wing, and while Adrien was gathering them up it flew away suddenly and was no more seen. The feathers remained, however—real and substantial feathers, or he might almost have persuaded himself, as Thérèse seemed to have done, that it was only a phantom. He took care of them, folding them between the leaves of his Bible, as if they had been sacred relics: and such, indeed, they were to him in one sense, for he could never look upon them without being reminded of his mother in her last moments.

Adrien roused himself at length, and began to turn over his books and treasures of various kinds, selecting a very few and putting others aside, scarcely yet with any definite intention, but making ready for an occasion which he felt might come suddenly at any time. He occupied himself thus for an hour or longer, growing more resolute and more in earnest every minute. He had a purse containing three gold pieces and a few francs, pocket-money which had been accumulating for a long time for the purchase of a telescope, to be established, as he had once hoped, in Vernier's attic. He paused regretfully as he looked at it, and the thought of what he had purposed for Vernier's gratification and his own came over him, but he counted the money and

replaced it in the purse. There was no knowing yet to what use it might be applied; he must be prepared for everything.

Thérèse returned while he was thus employed. She was at no loss to understand why Adrien had left her to return home by herself, and did not venture to ask him; but she bore herself independently, and with a certain air even of defiance, and was too much occupied generally with her own affairs to notice in what manner Adrien had been engaged with his.

Adrien was the first to speak.

"How is Monsieur Grolleau?" he asked.

"Monsieur Grolleau! eh, ma foi! il se porte bien; pourquoi non?"

"When is it to be?" Adrien asked. He had reconciled himself already to the event to which he alluded. It would be better for her, he thought, and would set him at liberty; only it ought not to have been resolved upon so soon after his mother's death.

"When?" Thérèse repeated, scanning Adrien's countenance, and not quite sure whether she ought to resent the inquiry or to be pleased with it. Adrien looked grave, but not annoyed, she thought.

"Hélas!" she exclaimed at length, looking down upon the floor, "it is not my fault, then. I could not help it. I would never have left you, Monsieur Adrien. Never!"

Adrien winced a little at this. Such extreme devotion might have been inconvenient to him. It was a good thing, after all, that Thérèse had formed another engagement, but he could not yet understand her.

"Not help it?" he asked. "Why could you not help it?"

"What, then," she exclaimed, "have you not heard? Has not the master related to you?"

"I have heard nothing," said Adrien. "I wish you would speak out."

"Has not your father—"

Adrien stamped his foot upon the floor impatiently.

"Monsieur La Roche, then—has he not told you that we are to leave this apartment?"

"No."

"It is so, then. I may go where I will, I am not wanted. I am discharged. You did not know that?"

"Certainly not. Oh, Thérèse, I am so sorry. I beg your pardon."

"Pardon! for what?"

"Oh, nothing! Only for my own thoughts. But I hope it will be all for the best."

"Perhaps; but you, my child—"

"What about me?"

"Ah, I forgot again. You did not know, and I am not to tell you."

Thérèse was burning to deliver herself of the secret which La Roche had entrusted to her, and she looked to Adrien for a word of encouragement, but he would not speak it.

"Monsieur La Roche is going to occupy an apartment at the newspaper office, *au second*. That at least is no secret."

"I had not heard of it," said Adrien.

"And you—you are to go there also."

"I—to the office of the 'Tisonneur'!"

"Yes," she replied, shaking her head gravely; "and therefore I am not more wanted. You are to go to business, to earn your living in the bureau! You—a child! He has obtained a clerkship for you; you are to sit all day long upon a stool at a desk, writing, translating into French nice little articles from the English papers, letters—I know not what. But you are too young for such a place. I told him so; I urged—I threatened him. Yet he is not to be moved. An English correspondent is wanted, and he has secured the place for you."

"I will never set foot in that office!" Adrien exclaimed, with vehemence; "I will starve first!"

"Starve! No, my child; not while Thérèse has a morsel to share with you. Grolleau himself would never suffer it."

"I thank you," said Adrien, proudly, and in a tone which belied his words—"I thank you and Monsieur Grolleau also;" and, seizing his hat, he flung out of the room.

On the landing he hesitated whether to mount to Vernier's attic or to descend into the street. The latter suited his humour best, and he spent an hour or more in walking rapidly about the town, jostling the crowd in a way to which the Parisians were not accustomed, and provoking more than once remonstrances, to which, however, he gave little heed.

He returned at length, and as soon as Thérèse could be got out of the way resumed, with more method and determination than before, the arrangement of his books and other property. The greater part of these he packed in a box, which he intended to leave in charge of Thérèse. He had no one to disturb him while thus employed. La Roche never passed the night there now, and Thérèse was sound asleep in her own little chamber. It was long past midnight when he finished, and then, throwing himself upon his bed, only half undressed, he lay there, with his eyes wide open, resolved to keep awake till daylight.

He was tired indeed, and needed rest; but when, in spite of himself, his eyelids drooped, the Goddess of Reason from the office of the "Tisonneur" would seem to swoop down upon him, clutching and embracing him like a harpy with crooked talons; or the newspaper itself, with its well-known cap of liberty for a frontispiece, looking like an ill-shaped bell, would toll forth discordant notes in his ears and shake its thin, soft, blurred and blotted, villainous-looking sheets before his face, and rouse him from his short, half-waking sleep.

A deeper slumber came at length, and then Adrien dreamed of his stepfather as he had seen him at Versailles, the centre of a disreputable group, whose laughter sounded not in his ears alone, but seemed to thrill through every nerve of his body and to grate upon his heartstrings. The Englishman was there, and Noixdegalle, and they were all making merry together over a good joke that amused them. "Marry an Englishwoman!" they cried, like a chorus; "ha, ha! ha,

ha!" and La Roche joined with them, and was the loudest and merriest of them all.

From that dream Adrien started up, agitated and panting, and so much disturbed that there was not much fear of his falling asleep again. The light was now beginning to creep through his window, and the pigeons were heard cooing in the courtyard. He rose, sealed up a little note which he had written overnight addressed to Thérèse, and placed it where it would not fail to attract attention. Then he went lightly up to Vernier's door and paused there for a minute or two listening. The good man gave evidence of being sound asleep, and Adrien, kissing his hand to him affectionately, and breathing a few words of farewell as if the gesture which accompanied them could have carried them to him in his dreams, he turned and left his door.

The box which he had packed was directed to Thérèse, and the note was to ask her to take charge of it. He was going away, he said, and

could not tell any one whither. He would write soon to her and to Vernier. They were not to be anxious about him. He had a plan of his own which he hoped would succeed; and he trusted in One above, to whose gracious providence he had been committed by his dear mother, and who, he did not doubt, would make the way plain and easy for him. Of Monsieur La Roche he made no mention whatever.

Adrien Brooke, descending the stairs from Vernier's *étage*, paused only to take up the little bag which he had packed with the few things necessary for immediate use, and then casting a lingering glance round the room which had once been his mother's bedchamber, a glance which brought the tears into his eyes, and made his whole frame quiver with emotion at the various reminiscences which it awakened, went downstairs and, watching his opportunity, passed through the outer door unobserved by the concierge, and so into the world.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

THERE can be no doubt but that the poorest have been the worst lodged always, everywhere, and by all. The lowest savages have the worst huts in the uncivilised world, and in the civilised the least instructed, the weakest, the most helpless bring shame on civilisation by the way in which they have been allowed or content to live. It has long been so in London. Several English writers, such as Mayhew and Dickens, saw in their times, and spoke strongly about, the evil case of the poorest. They so spoke that the hearts of many were touched with compassion and full of righteous promise. But their love waxed cold.

Of late the flood of popular interest in the dwellings of the poor has again risen fast. I trust that it may not prove to be only another tidal wave or bore, but a real reaching by the community of a higher level of regard for the neediest among us.

MIDDLE-CLASS PROGRESS.

I have said that the poorest have ever been the worst lodged. But many worthy people have failed, despite of the efforts of popular sympathetic writers, such as those I have referred to, in realising to any good purpose the unclean and noisome state in which multitudes continue to live, even up to these days of middle-class decency and cleanliness. I say up to these days, for the present sanitary contrasts presented by the state of society have not always been plainly notable. For instance, not so very long ago the curtains

around a bed were the chief assurances of privacy, even in decorous households, and a "tub," as now understood, was unknown. Now this is all changed, and a sense of progress in their conduct of domestic life is opening the eyes of respectable people, and touching them with shame, as they look at the lodgment of the poorest of the poor.

In many places and cases this is unquestionably disgusting; mischievous to health and fatal to wholesome thoughts. Sordidness has we know been the conspicuous accompaniment of some phases of religion. It has not been without its effect on the mind of the unreflecting. But it is not next to godliness. I do not believe in the consecrating application of poverty, hunger, and dirt. A fanatic may discard them, but as soon as his adulterated enthusiasm wanes he washes his face and sweeps his house, according to the proportion of righteousness which underlies and survives his fanaticism. Sordidness is no assistance to real piety. It morally defiles. We all know that clothes go far to determine the ways of the wearer. Dress a decent man in filthy rags and he loses caste. He is paralysed. Keep him clothed thus and he becomes more and more socially degraded. How then must it be with the dwellers in rotten houses who commence their tenancy with inherited indifference to domestic uncleanness and pollution?

The more I see and hear of the poorest class among the people—and I pointedly say "poorest," for there is a very large number of working people who might carelessly be reckoned as poor, to whom the present remarks and inquiries do not

apply—the more sure do I feel that the most radical missionary work to be done amongst them must take the shape of improvement in their dwellings and domestic habits. I will not dwell on these. Much, perhaps overmuch, has been already said by many, and a renovation of their state may be injured or retarded by exaggerated description.

THE GOSPEL OF DECENCY.

But the question presses, how can this mission be held? How can the gospel of decency be preached? I need not say that if a man's eyes are opened to the kingdom of heaven, if he is renewed in the spirit of his mind, his bodily circumstances will be renewed too. It must be so. A sensitive Christian soul cannot be comfortable in a pig's sty. But besides this first and radical influence, the influence of the Holy Spirit on the man's heart, transforming him, there are many minor and yet not despicable influences which may help him out of the slough of sanitary mire.

The question then recurs, how can the poorest of the poor be set in a cleaner and less crowded domestic state?

No doubt, if we were prepared to adopt and vigorously follow the principle and procedure of a severe paternal government, we might see men become as clean and neatly placed as counters upon a board. But then they would be counters, not men. The only radical and lasting way, it seems to me, is to accept the great law of all salvation, and to convince the poor sufferers themselves of sin, that is, of a departure from the laws of right, the laws of life, the laws of God.

WHOLESOME DISCONTENT.

This is the procedure inevitable in the realisation of any gospel, be it of a higher or a lower sort. In this case the dwellings of the poorest will be finally bettered only as they are led to see and to bemoan their condition with intelligent bitterness. In short, they must be touched with the contagion of wholesome practical discontent. It is well for benevolent people to find them clean and comfortable houses. It is, sometimes, well to lodge a class above them, and this has given rise to the comment, "See, your plans fail. You build decent houses, and the poor you are thinking of will not come in." But really, instead of this creating disappointment, it should give all sanitary reformers good courage. It shows that a great law is in operation, that the sense of domestic decency is in the air. The demands of life are becoming greater, more numerous and imperative than they were a few years ago; and this is well.

A feeling of social self-respect is spreading steadily, and not showing itself in questionable fitfulness. That section of the town hand-labouring population which comes next to the lower courses of the middle-class fabric is feeling the impulse of disgust or discontent at the provision it had long been condemned to, if not contented with; and it now immediately fills to their eaves

every new block of "improved dwellings." We may almost say that the movement may be left to itself as far as the large hitherto unaccommodated residue of this appreciating section is concerned. It has taken root. The question of the due lodgment of the thoughtful intelligent artisan is only a matter of time. He has felt the touch of social ambition, and will never be again contented with that which his forefathers were willing to accept.

SOME TOO CONTENT, OR INDIFFERENT.

But below the layer now reached there is an enormous one hitherto untouched by a desire for decent domestic surroundings. They dislike such surroundings. When some from this layer are disturbed, and pitchforked into wholesome rooms with sink, dustbin, ventilator, and all the rest of it, they set their wits to work in a defiance of these irritating luxuries. Their realisation of the discomfort which—by clean people—they are assumed to feel is by no means so acute as is supposed. Indeed, the fact that they tolerate the state of things which surrounds them, and designedly or deliberately reproduce it when it has been changed by some righteous sanitary enthusiast, proves that they do not think it to be intolerable. They show that they like dirt by immediately fouling the clean rooms into which they are sometimes benevolently put.

My readers will see that I am speaking of the lowest class, which has chiefly aroused the concern of the philanthropist, and the presence of which is deplored by the decent thrifty workingman. A family in the lowest class has been so long used to its accommodation in the comparative space of a bird's-nest—though the last is well ventilated, and always new—that its separation into two or more rooms is deprecated as comfortless rather than desirable. It is the impregnation of this class with an appetite for better things which has to be aimed at in any radical effort to improve the dwellings of the poorest among the poor. This appetite has, really, not shown itself. We have read and read of "The bitter cry of out-cast London," but this did not arise from the sufferers themselves. There is the misery of it. If I heard that the doors of a sanitary inspector's office were battered by an angry crowd, if I heard that his windows were broken by indignant costermongers and bricklayers' labourers because he had neglected their complaints about drains and unwholesome nuisances, if I heard that a lodgers' trade union or tenants' league was formed in order to compel landlords of house property to keep it in really good sanitary order, if I heard that a family was boycotted for consenting to live in a place deemed unfit for human habitation, I would say *Te Deums* and take courage, convinced that the train of reformation was fairly started, and that any more pushing was thrown away.

But the train can hardly be said to have moved. The poorest of the poor do not make it by any means their first request to those whom they address to secure the bettering of their lodgment. The best among them may sometimes

assent to a remark about a smell when it has been unusually pungent, or when its ill savour has presented an unaccustomed taste to the nose; but if you show them that they themselves have removed the trap from a drain, they mostly value the information far below the price of a glass of gin. It is horrible to say this, but it is true, and the question importunately recurs, What is to be done?

I do not now dwell upon the truth to which I have already alluded, that the transformation of the mind by the operation of the Spirit of God, which shifts a man from the husks and food of the swine into the Father's house, is the radical way by which the man is socially raised. He puts on a better robe. He sits down to good meat. That is true, so true that we sometimes skip over it in our suggestions for the bettering of the poor; and thus I do not overlook the direct evangelistic efforts of temperance missionaries nor salvation army enthusiasts. Of course I do not forget the quiet constant work which is being done by settled church organisations. The good they do is seldom appreciated as it should be because it is done without fuss and parade. I do not forget any of these agencies which are working for righteousness, but at the same time I do not undervalue those which many would consider to be moving on a much lower level, and it is to such as these that I would refer in reply to my question, What is to be done?

I have said that I have great faith in the penetrating power of that social discontent which is not destructive but constructive. I mean that ambition of better surroundings which is being shown by the superior class of artisans, and which leads them to fill improved dwellings and model lodging-houses as soon as they are built. Of course it is a ticklish thing to talk of fomenting discontent among the most degraded. It may not always take the direction which its nurses desire. It may become suddenly active, like the forces of a sluggish volcano. But as the class we are considering is reached by the influx of the constructing sentiment which has touched those above them, the evil we deplore dies out like the winter before the spring. We may not, though, depend on this. We may not calculate on the sure and even progress of domestic ambition.

SUGGESTED LEGITIMATE PRESSURE.

We may, however, adopt legitimate measures, if not pressure, to quicken its growth and reach desired ends; and we will look at a few of these. To begin with, I believe that one distinctly desirable form of this purpose is to pull down every rotten house that can be got hold of for the purpose and so treated. I mean, of course, where it cannot be converted into a safe, wholesome, and financially paying tenement. Probably some fabrics which are now indecent could be renovated at such a cost as to bring a fair return of interest. But many could not. There is nothing to be done but pull them down.

And here come the first notorious difficulty. The poor inhabitants are turned out. Where are they to go? It has been suggested that temporary iron buildings, etc., should be erected on cleared spaces. This would not answer. The London poor, used to the warmth of small unventilated rooms, would never move into a tin camp within the City. But in fact I cannot help thinking that the cruelty of the eviction has been much exaggerated. In the first place it must be realised that great changes for the better can seldom be made without some discomfort. Then, in many cases, what is that discomfort? What is the trade of a large number of such as inhabit the most degraded houses? We will not stop over the thieves and professional beggars. I do not think we ought to disturb ourselves about disturbing them. They, however, occupy a large portion of the poorest dwellings. Take the next class. This will be found to consist principally of bricklayers' labourers and costermongers. The former are chiefly engaged where new buildings are being raised, and thus can seldom be said to live near their work. They are generally not obliged to live in any particular locality. There must be some "jobbers," of course, in the employment of local builders, who do not so much build new houses as repair old ones, and thus a certain number of bricklayers' labourers find it convenient to live within a certain area. But the great employers of labour, the great building firms, have the scene of their operations continually shifted, and there is no need for their workmen to live in any particular spot. Then take the costermonger. He is also tied down to no narrow place, but wanders far a-field. Thus, when we have considered the condition of the thieves, the professional beggars, the bricklayers' labourers, and the costermongers, we have considered that of the great bulk of residents in vile dwellings, and I think we may see that the dispersal which follows their demolition is far less calamitous to the tenants than many have supposed.

The pulling down of rotten houses whenever they are incapable of paying renovation is the first form of pressure needed. It probably drives the tenants to lodge in some of later growth. These spring up with astonishing rapidity, adding fresh rings to the trunk of the London tree, and would grow faster as the demand for them increased by reason of the demolition of older tenements. No doubt these new houses are often flimsy, but I am far from joining in the outcry about their flimsiness. If they cost little they are more likely to be cheap, and rent, we must remember, is the heaviest item of inevitable expenditure to a working man. His circumstances have improved in some respects, notably in the fixed low price of bread; but it is calculated that the cost of lodging has increased.

This is likely to be lowered by the provision of streets which are rather brick and mortar tents than solid dwelling places. They will not last long, and they will not therefore necessarily stand in the way of better planned houses, which would have been the case had they been very solidly constructed.

SOME MORE LEGISLATIVE MACHINERY.

Another legitimate form of the pressure needed to abate bad dwellings is to erect such legislative machinery as shall enable a magistrate, after due warning, to punish their owners. This must be preceded by legislation which determines responsible ownership. Of course, many difficulties will arise. In applying compulsion to such owners we shall, of course, hear much of the compensation due to them. Poor house property will probably be depreciated, but I do not see that its owners will deserve much more consideration than those who have raised money by other questionable or risky investments. Nay, as we have "progressed," much perfectly honest property has been rendered nearly useless. When the railway station was built the posting-house was half ruined. The introduction of the screw has left many tiers of sound paddle-steamers standing idle in the docks. And the owners of rotten house property will find it less valuable as measures are taken to determine what is socially bad and worthy of condemnation. This cannot be helped. You cannot sweep a house without disturbing the spiders. There has been much hardship felt by the flies, and turn-about is fair play.

Another point in applying pressure is to enable the poor tenant to treat with his landlord without the intervention of municipal machinery. Of course I do not intend to suggest the lessening of corporate authority; but the individual tenant should have plainer and more direct facility of action. It should be easier for him to enforce a sanitary law than to recover a debt in the County Court. At least, the one process should be as easy as the other. Now the complaint has chiefly to be made through the sanitary officer, or some parochial official.

MUNICIPAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Here I tread on tender ground, for many vestries, *e.g.*, as corporate bodies, are desirous enough to see the people in the parishes they represent properly lodged. But somehow they do not effect so much as they obviously seem capable of effecting. In fact, they are often mysteriously handicapped. The owners of the poor houses are in some cases well known to them, even if they are not to be found among the members of the municipal body, or its chief supporters and allies. How can a corporation act with sweeping vigour which is thus hampered? The inspectors and sanitary officers know every one, and are well known in the district that they are supposed to keep in a healthy condition.

But it is contrary to human nature to suppose that they can always keep their teeth sharp and their hearts like gizzards. Nevertheless, a sanitary inspector should have no more bowels than a pillar-post. He should be utterly callous and unfeeling. And in the present state of things I do not see how this can possibly be. The result is that

there is a good deal of business in sanitary matters, but little done. Places are tinkered which ought to be demolished. The authorities look after the anise and cummin of waterbutts and ash-heaps in houses which ought to be pulled down. They should look to waterbutts, but they should oftener condemn whole fabrics. These things ought they to have done and not leave the other undone. Thus, though I am not greedy of legislative interference, I feel sure that some legislation is needed to make the present laws more operative, and certainly to enable the individual tenant to insist directly on his domestic sanitary rights without municipal intervention.

AMATEUR HELP.

I believe, moreover, that something, perhaps much, might be done towards a quicker propagation of the contagion of decency by the means of amateur inspection of nuisances. However nasty, in one sense, this work is, it would require nice management on the part of an amateur—for an Englishman's house is his castle, though it be built of dung. And if, as is most probable, the castle ought to be pulled down, be the Englishman never so unwilling, its demolition should be brought about by constituted authorities, and, if possible, not even traced to the influence of self-appointed censors. Still, self-appointed censors formed into an association might do much in keeping the municipal broom moving. They would have to reckon on being unpopular with officials, and sometimes with those whom they most desire to benefit; but genuine concern for a good sanitary state in its constructive public and private aspects, keenly shown by a band of enthusiasts, could not help doing good.

I will not dwell on the personal supervision, which has done much in the way of collecting rents, etc., with an eye meanwhile to the state of the house. This has been known to work under the intelligent influence of such persons as Miss Octavia Hill, but great care is needed by those who would follow in her steps. Whoever undertakes such work should bear distinctly in mind that his or her main object is to set up an action in a class, and not merely to trim its ragged edge, to teach the love and kindle the desire of cleanliness, and not merely induce sweeping by perpetual worry, however kind and obviously well-intentioned. The poor tenant resents this. He feels it to be intrusive, but, being civil, hardly knows how to resent the intrusion, except by allowing the dust to accumulate liberally and always pasting another Lloyd's News over the ventilator. These speechless protests are ever available and eloquent. Sympathetic concern for poor people's houses by people of culture and leisure may, however, be effective when it takes the shape of civil considerate visitation rather than supervision. Thus, a nicer taste can sometimes be cultivated or suggested, and decoration may plead against sordidness more forcibly than such improvement as is severely useful.

INDIRECT EDUCATION.

If we look at other influences we may well believe that the children of the poorest who attend, say, a Board School, are touched not merely by the teaching they receive there, but by their surroundings while they are being taught. Great indignation is felt by some at the cost of the handsome edifices raised in London, especially by the School Board. But the beauty and ornaments of the building itself are a very important factor in the education carried on under its roof. I cannot believe that children who spend half their days in palaces will submit to live in the hovels which saw their birth. The handsome piles of some improved dwellings must, moreover, contribute by their general comeliness, as well as by the actual convenience afforded by their arrangement, to raise the popular estimate of what poor people's houses should be; and so assist in the impregnation of the lowest class with a better sense of domestic decency. In mentioning this I must say that I wish the Peabody Buildings had sometimes a more pleasing exterior. They are apt to be too severe. Every elevating influence is valuable, and it is a pity not to make a useful thing ornamental at the same time.

NOT "CAST OUT" BUT "COME IN."

In offering these few remarks about the housing of the poor I have referred to the stir lately made by "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." This gave an impulse to the present efforts to improve poor dwellings. I have noticed that the "cry" did not originally come from those whose toes were pinched so much as from those whose hearts were touched, and I cannot end this paper without remarking that the word "outcast" is inappropriate. The poorest, the worst sufferers, are not such as have been "cast out." They are rather such as have "come in." They have crowded in, fancying that better things could be had in London, mysterious London, than in the hamlet or the small sleepy country town. So they have come in shoals, and though they may not realise their rustic dreams, anyhow they fill some space. This is one of the reasons why London is too full, and therefore why the poorest are crowded together. It is this crowding which has made friends of the poor lift up their voice and cry.

THE COUNTRY IMPLICATED.

Thus the country is partly the cause of metropolitan distress, and in looking for the remedies of this latter the state of the country poor cannot be passed over. Why do so many crowd into London? It is not merely the hope of higher wages. The love of independence has something

to do with it, and also the bad lodging itself in some rural districts. But it is the love of independence which, I think, operates chiefly. The social condition of the labourer is familiar to us, but he is growing tired of it. Generally, though he may stay long in the same cottage, he is liable to dismissal at a short notice. He has no fixed stake in the country—not even such a finger in its concerns as the franchise possessed by his town fellow-workman.

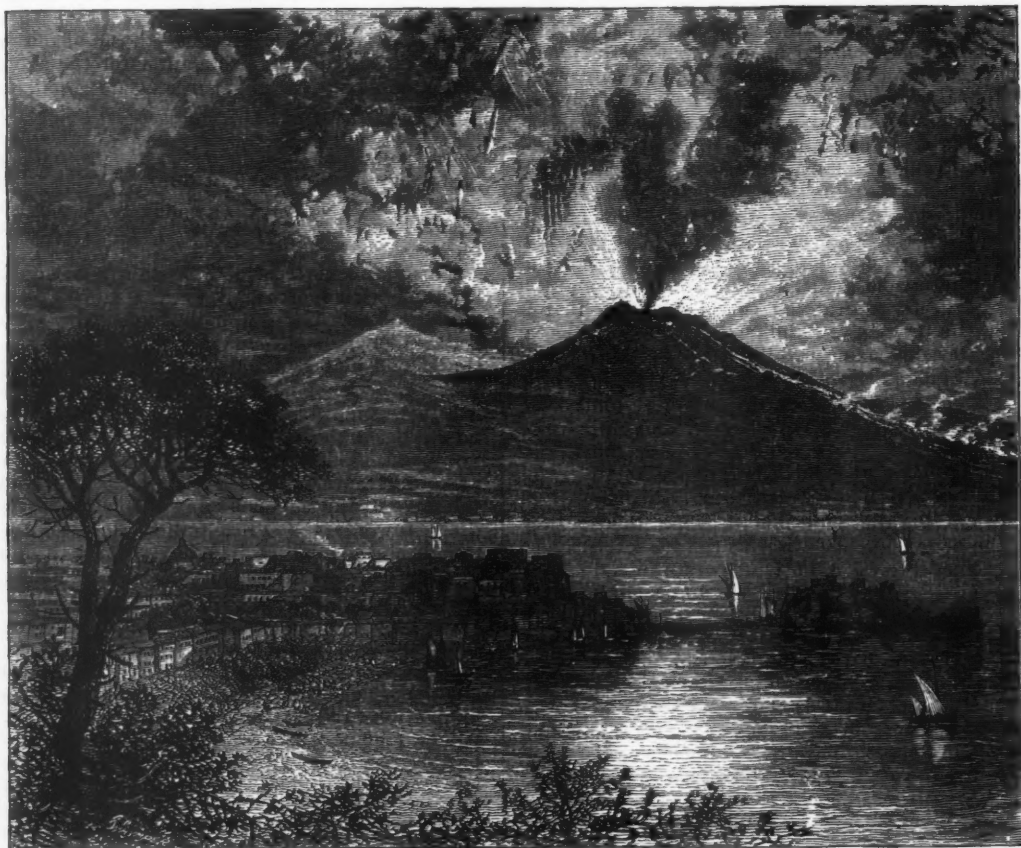
In the very best villages—those which are managed with most consideration for the people, where the cottages and gardens are good, and allotments may be had—the labourer is conspicuously beneath the eye of his employer. The youth sows his wild oats under the nose of his pastors and masters, and his only exercise of the sense of independence is impudence. He must assert himself somehow, and he enjoys being rude.

This may seem a hard thing to say, but, really, in the districts most cared for, the labourer is so closely observed, if not looked after, he has so little independence—unless enjoyed by some in the chapel and by others in the public-house—that one does not wonder at his desiring the freedom which London seems to promise. And he desires it the more as his education has been improved. Education raises a man, and does not make him more contented with a state of things tolerable to the uneducated. Hence has arisen a drain towards the great cities, uncertainty of tenure and denial of franchise having a much greater influence than some friends of the labourer imagine.

Another moving cause which sends some to town, is the very bad accommodation provided in parts of the country. If other drawbacks to the country are made stronger by bad houses there, the temptation to flit is increased. The lodgment of village labourers is now being improved. Much has been spoken against wealthy landlords allowing men to live where they would not stable their beasts. But anyhow, in England, it will generally be found that the worst houses are owned by small holders. The rich landlord seldom gets any return out of cottage property. It is the sharp investor, often from the county town, who screws the rent of a house out of a hovel which he has either built or bought cheap, and which, mostly, has no garden to speak of. Over this I will not now dwell.

The aim of this paper is to set forth some reflections on the housing of London poor, especially in the light of recent protests, and thus I do not say more on their country dwellings; but I cannot help expressing my belief that much of the overcrowding in London arises from the influx of those who have been dissatisfied with the dependent social condition of the country labourer, the perception of this having been largely and rightly aided by late advances in education.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

RECENT earthquakes in Ischia, Anatolia, and Sunda Straits, have called attention to the most terrible and mysterious characteristics of the earth beneath our feet. The catastrophe in Ischia, overwhelming a brilliant and pleasure-seeking society with an array of tragic circumstances that recalls the disaster of Pompeii, has brought home to European sympathies the horror of those tremendous phenomena that are of yearly occurrence on the far shores of less familiar lands. Science, however, tends to assure us that these exceptional cataclysms are merely the more striking examples of the working of an ever active process that tends to shift the field of its effects from land to land, and that bears an essential part in the daily economy of our earth, adjusting the fair proportions of mountain, plain, and sea, vary-

ing the bounds of climate, and maintaining the innumerable harmonies of animal and vegetable life. But the results of science, as regards the deeper sources of the phenomena, are strangely conflicting and obscure; the simple theories assumed in the infancy of geology have been tried and found wanting; and the ancient allegory of the buried giants whose struggles were evinced in the earthquake and the eruption was at least, in its frank admission of ignorance, more rational than the foolish dogmatism of many popular explanations of our day. Observation and patient research are rarely, however, without reward. In seeking the solution of fascinating enigmas we gain valuable information on many matters of high practical interest. We gather new facts regarding the resources and the economy of our

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immediate habitation. We gain novel and suggestive though ever partial outlooks on the infinitely complex machinery of nature. Often we learn that seemingly trifling circumstances, long despised or forgotten, are the true keys to the interpretation of the grandest natural events.

While spending a summer in the island of Ischia I had occasion to carry out excavations in an ancient burying-ground, situated a few feet above the sea, beside the village of Lacco. Together with a coin of Antoninus Pius, found in the mouth of a skeleton, I extracted many glass vials employed about the same date for containing the tears of the friends and relations of the deceased. A few feet below the surface the volcanic heat was like that of a Turkish bath; but during the seventeen centuries through which the brittle glass had been exposed to the pressure of a few feet of earth and stones the temperature could never have much exceeded, and probably never attained, the boiling-point of water. Yet the vials had been crushed, twisted, and folded, as though composed of wax, and clearly by no other force than the long-continued pressure of the few feet of soil, assisted by the moderately-heated vapour which penetrated it throughout.

A few days since, in a Spanish lead mine, my attention was called to a thick vein of granite similarly softened, at a depth of about sixty yards, simply by pressure and moisture; and often in the deep mines of Cornwall and Germany I have met with similar examples of the plasticity induced at moderate temperatures in the hardest rocks by long-continued pressure and moisture. Yet, like the glass vials of Ischia, a brief exposure to the air restores the very specimens dug out with the fingers from a freshly-broken surface to a hard and brittle condition that would lead one to imagine that their dents and twistings could only have been effected in a state of fusion.

Near where I live, a distinguished member of the French Institute of Sciences has constructed an observatory, within which is a solid tower of masonry about forty feet in height. At the bottom is a well of mercury, from which a ray of light is so reflected that the minutest vibrations of the structure can be registered in the field of a microscope fixed at the summit of the tower. Seventeen years ago I first witnessed the startling movements of the earth thus revealed to science; and from before that date a record has been registered of movements previously unsuspected. These are not only daily, but sometimes during a whole day an incessant oscillation of the earth can be detected; although earthquakes, as commonly recognised, have rarely been registered in the district.

The collection of such facts, and the daily endeavour to apply them as keys to the interpretation of the intricacies of mountain precipices and subterranean excavations, forms, perhaps, the most fascinating of scientific pursuits. To do it justice requires incessant change and unremitting toil. The pictures that are imprinted on the memory are of the strangest and most vivid contrasts. The soft mysterious outlines of the Mediterranean volcanoes, with all their wondrous

teachings of the power and work of fire, recall the shabby little laboratory in Paris, where a famous scientist is gradually producing with a crucible and a gas-jet the most perfect imitations of every form of volcanic product, or remind one of the great smelting works at the roots of the Brocken, where pools of molten silver flash like fairy mirrors, and streams of glowing slag pour down the iron floors. The wild bare precipices of the Spanish Pyrénées, scoured into dusky cañons by torrential rains, and cleared of vegetation by the torrid sun, recall the deep and watery mines where the inner structure of such mountain masses must be sought by the light of the miner's lamp, amidst the reverberations of dynamite and the incessant echoes of the hammer and the drill. The chemical laboratory, the assayer's furnaces, the microscope, and the museum are no less necessary to such pursuits; and even in remoter fields of action, while working cannon in naval evolutions, or watching the bombardment of towns in Italy and Spain, I have gathered no less instructive lessons than when driving the miner's drill or wielding the furnace rake. For in such experiences one finds due elements of comparison with the earthquake shocks and the volcanic outbursts that leave in memory a peculiar imprint—the memory of hurrying crowds rushing from their swaying houses and calling loudly on the Virgin and the saints; of the dusky glow of Stromboli, as I have seen it on a black winter's night, lighting the faces of four hundred men on the deck of a heaving liner, tossing helplessly with shivered topsails in a gale, or again reflected in the deep blue water while steaming past it on calm summer evenings; or of the glorious peak of Etna, piercing far above the drifting clouds, delivering its thin stream of vapour from its solitary and snowclad summit, as if belonging to some other structure than that of any earthly mountain; or of such Greek islands as Santa Maura, where in all the town that skirts the bay you see no house above a storey high, because of danger from perpetual earthquakes.

The direct observation of such phenomena imparts a living interest to the splendid records of scientific research that are gradually tending to throw light on the inner workings of our earth's economy, and to class the earthquake and the volcano as inevitable accidents of slow but incessant processes that have originated and that maintain the diversity of land and sea, and all their beautiful adaptations to the variety of life. But it is well to bear in mind that such researches are but the work of imperfect intellect, dependent on fragmentary observations, struggling with innumerable illusions and bounded by the inevitable limitations of human energy and life.

The actual results of research, as they stand at the present date, are summarised in a masterly work by Suess, of Prague,* who has specially devoted himself to the branch of science which deals peculiarly with earthquakes and volcanoes. As this work has the rare merit of presenting an impartial survey of the very latest results of

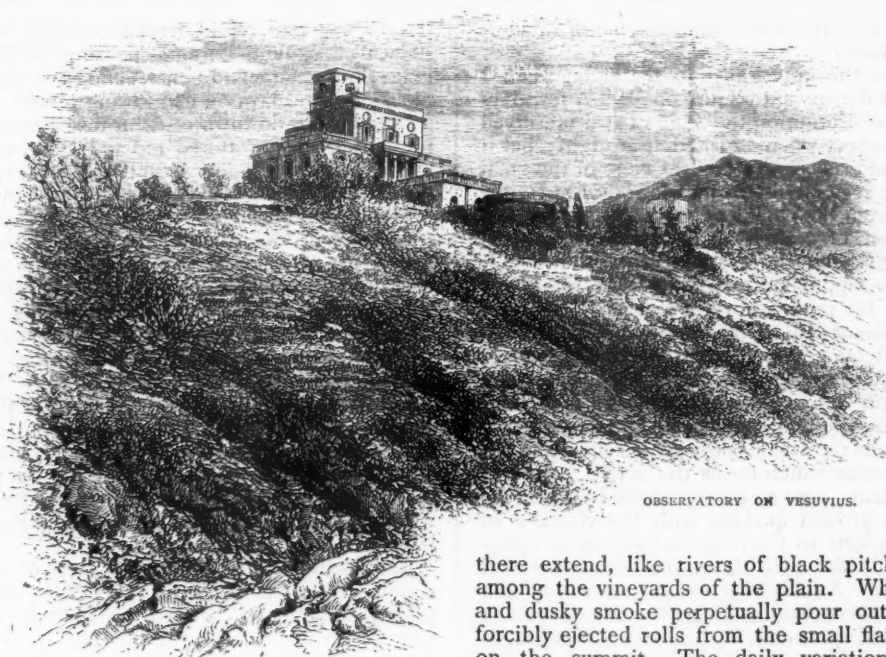
* "Das Antlitz der Erde," von Eduard Suess. Prag, 1883.

observation, and in a form singularly exempt from the empty pedantries of dogmatic speculation, a summary of its contents will afford an outline of what we really know regarding those subterranean workshops where the earthquake and the volcanic outburst are gradually elaborated.

Lyell has suggested the wondrous processes of subterranean activity that would meet the eyes of an intellectual gnome, such as might flit with dusky pinions through the hidden recesses of the solid rocks. Suess prefers to picture the inhabitant of another orb penetrating the brown clouds of terrestrial vapour that enwrap our planet, and viewing with an eye unwarped by preconceived opinions the most striking features of the earth's accessible and already investigated surface. The great leading features of the boundaries of land and water would first impress him; above all, the wedge-like form of the continents, ending in sharp promontories towards the south, that plunge precipitously down into the depths of the southern oceans; a form that indicates the action of some widely-distributed and uniform process. He would further remark that around the Pacific the great mountain chains all skirt the sea, that about the Atlantic region they appear to run independently of the coasts, while in the intermediate region the two forms of arrangement occupy vast districts, separate, but side by side. Supposing that the same observer could next survey the details of the rocky structure as revealed in mines and by careful study of the surface, he would recognise such evidences of tremendous and repeated shiftings of the rocks as would suffice to convince him that, however general and seemingly permanent are the grand features of the earth's surface, they are really like the latest pattern traced by a slowly-turning kaleidoscope. If the same observer, entering next the schools of science, should ask the explanation of these varied phenomena, the answers would be conflicting and obscure. He would learn that the satisfactory explanation of the leading features of the earth's history must be left in great part till much laborious observation has been completed, but that already many aspects of that history are deeply interesting and brilliantly suggestive. Suess is himself inclined to believe that it is a mistake to measure the earth's forces with direct reference to the energies and stature of man, and to attempt to explain all past phenomena by such slow and gradual processes of change as happily prevail in the contemporary world. He, however, begins his book with a minute critical examination of the Biblical and other accounts of the Flood, and satisfies himself that these records of the greatest catastrophe of human times distinctly indicate a local earthquake combined with a cyclone, which together submerged the inhabited region of the Lower Euphrates. But the remainder of his work, independent of such speculations, affords the following outline of the facts of observation:—Earthquakes are the effects of sudden shifts and ruptures of the rocks that along mountain chains are in a constant state of strain, in process of rising into greater mountains, or sinking back to be again covered by the sea. Such movements

frequently arise along the great lines of fissure which mines and tunnels have abundantly revealed, often where least suspected, beneath thick loose accumulations of later soils. Volcanic outbursts naturally tend to find vent along such lines of weakness in the rocks, and are thus connected with earthquakes, but in no very direct relation. The concussions that accompany and precede volcanic eruptions are of a different and more local kind, produced by the explosions and expansions in the actual furnace of the volcano, such as would occur in most smelting operations if not prevented by special technical precautions. In the deep gorges of mountain chains, and in deep mines and tunnels, we can examine the roots of old volcanoes and study the features of innumerable fissures. The surfaces of the fissures exhibit abundant marks of powerful and repeated rubbing, as well as innumerable instances of great mutual displacement of their sides. The volcanoes pass down into masses of crystallised rock, different from those once poured from their craters, and terminate in granite roots of considerable extent. Some examples of such granitic roots have been found in the vast precipices of America, presenting apparently isolated masses embedded in the stratified rock, like great cakes, which have never broken through to the surface; and many of the granitic expanses of geological maps may be nothing more than similar isolated cakes, exposed by the eroding action of seas and streams that have cut away the rocks that formerly covered them.

Sometimes these peculiar masses, resembling a disease of the earth's crust, are sporadically scattered in groups; sometimes their material has found vent along some extensive fissure, attaining the surface at its weakest points, and in other portions only rising towards it, squeezed upwards like the water welling through the cracks of a shrinking sheet of ice. But all these phenomena are only subordinate features of very widely extended changes that seem ever in progress over vast districts of the earth's crust, and which are evidently in the main to be attributed to a gradual settling down of the outer shell of the earth upon the smaller successive shells beneath. The tremendous lateral squeezing produced by this endeavour to adapt itself to a smaller internal circumference presses up those ridges of the outer crust that are known as mountain chains; and, with the aid of the fractures and volcanic injections, enables great tabular masses to remain aloft as plateaux, or to sink deep as ocean beds." The successive examination of the structural details of each great mountain chain bears out these views with striking force, appearing to justify the conclusion that mountains, plateaux, plains, and ocean beds act and react upon each other, so that the explanation of any prominent feature of the earth's surface must be sought over a wide area. Thus the Alpine chain is only a part of a more extensive ridge that extends in the form of a squat letter S from the mountains of Transylvania to the Sierra Nevada, the line running continuously by the Carpathians, Alps, Apennines, and mountains of the north coast of Africa; the



OBSERVATORY ON VESUVIUS.

arrangement and nature of the rocks, and their relation to neighbouring sea and plain, presenting striking similarities along the entire line. Other great mountain systems present other forms. Some features of what may be called the earth's physiognomy are, however, very generally distributed. Suess promises, in forthcoming volumes, to indicate the explanation of these more general traits. He intends, moreover, to maintain that changes in the level of the oceans have borne a weighty part in the process by which land and sea have slowly shifted their mutual places in the course of the earth's history, as registered in the fossiliferous rocks. But the great lesson of his present volume, as a summary of recent research, is the doctrine that each feature of the earth's face must be considered as no isolated structure, but as a local effect of the mutual action and re-action of the surrounding expanses that to our limited senses seem too remote to have any practical bearing upon the problem.

Such being, according to the latest and most masterly summary of recent research, the general manner in which such phenomena as those of earthquakes and volcanoes should be regarded, we may pass on to particulars with some confidence that they will not lead us altogether astray.

Most theories on our subject have been suggested by Vesuvius. That fiery mountain has impressed the imagination of generations. The first glimpse of its drooping smoke-flag as you enter the Bay of Naples from the sea affords an altogether new sensation. The volcano rises, completely isolated, from a flat, far-reaching plain, ringed round by precipitous mountains in the distance. It has clearly risen from the sea, and all the land around it is nothing more than the accumulated ashes of its eruptions. Narrow streams of congealed lava course down the sides of the cone, and here and

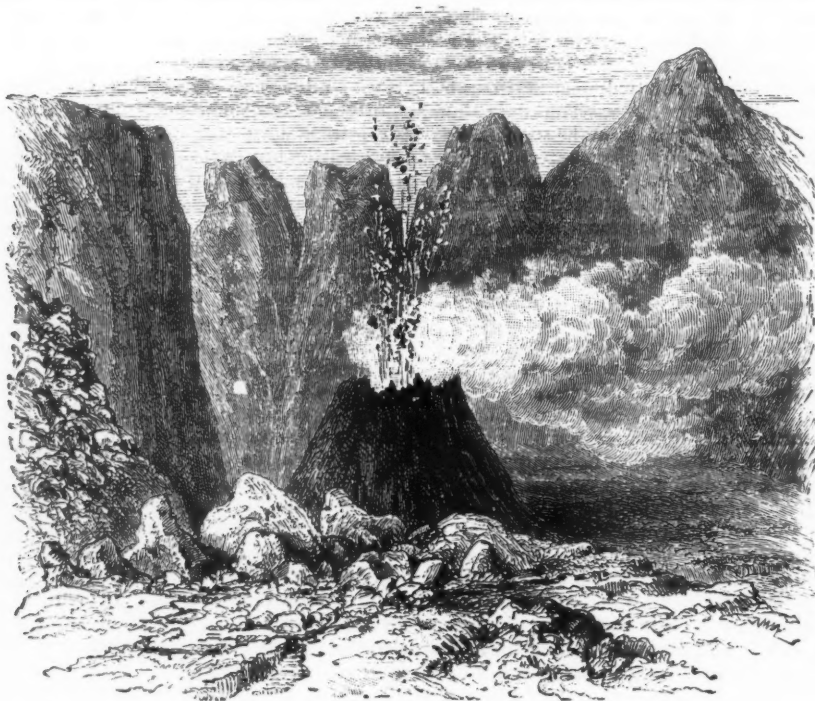
there extend, like rivers of black pitch, far out among the vineyards of the plain. White steam and dusky smoke perpetually pour out in great forcibly ejected rolls from the small flat platform on the summit. The daily variations of the smoke jet, now rolling down the side of the cone, now rising far aloft like a pillar, and again stretching like a long flat cloud to the horizon, according to the wind and weather, lend an endless variety to the Neapolitan landscape; while at night a dim sullen glow, varied at short intervals by bright gleams of fire, or by discharges of glowing fragments, keeps alive the expectation of an eruption. In ascending the mountain you pass by degrees from fertile soil, produced by many centuries of decay, to arid black and grey expanses of slags and ashes, resembling the barren mounds and blasted soil that surround great iron furnaces. The fresh lava streams, covered with a solidified and brittle crust, appear like heaps of great black cinders, that slip and shift beneath the feet, clinking together with a sharp metallic ring. As you approach the summit you hear a sound like the panting of a gigantic monster; as you step upon the final platform you see before you what resembles a gigantic wash-tub filled to the brim with black smooth coils of solidified pitch. From its centre, about fifty yards from where you stand, there rises an object like a dust-heap, with a broken irregular summit, and perhaps a broken valley at one side, giving access to the edge of a great well some thirty feet in diameter, with perpendicular sides sliced down through the centre of the dust-heap. Up this pit rushes steam and dust, and at brief intervals a sudden puff of denser vapour, accompanied by small stones shot perpendicularly high into the air with a sound like the report of a gun. Cautiously you approach the edge and venture to look over into the crater. Between the rushing jets of steam, here of snowy whiteness, there stained brown or yellow by mingled ashes, and sometimes black like coaly smoke, you observe that the perpendicular walls are glowing with a dull red heat, and that some twenty feet

below the edge there rise faint tongues of salmon-coloured flame.

Such was the appearance of the crater when I first saw it during a tranquil phase. A few days before a great eruption the summit still preserved the same aspect when I visited it at night; but it was then impossible to attain the edge of the great well, for it seemed filled with glowing lava vividly reflected from the clouds of vapour, and at intervals showers of molten fragments were shot from its surface, falling over some yards of the only practicable approach. The great eruption was preceded by premonitory symptoms. I heard from Professor Palmieri's assistant how the increasing frequency and intensity of disturbances of the special instruments of the observatory had warned him before daybreak that the crisis had arrived; how he had walked from the observatory, which stands on a safe, projecting ridge, towards the great cone which forms the active portion of the mountain; how as he approached its base he found the ground quaking with the violence of the concussions in the furnace, and cracks opening around him with dangerous frequency and suddenness. A little later several streams of lava broke out where this cracking process had been in progress, and gave vent, at the foot of the cone, to the whole molten mass which had slowly welled up to the summit. These streams were now gliding down the valleys on either side of the projecting promontory that bears the observatory. The lava welled out of the mountain side, accompanied by outbursts of gases and vapours that made it dangerous to approach the vent. A few yards from where it first attained the surface the

stream was like liquid treacle, curling over obstacles and round corners, pouring swiftly over ledges in cataracts of fire, and bearing dark blocks of solid lava on its glowing breast. About a mile farther down the stream was already dark, presenting only scattered red points at intervals, like a heap of cinders freshly raked from a furnace. But the pressure of the still molten stream beneath the solidified crust pushed on the cooled fragments of the surface, so that the mass advanced at its extremity in the form of a broad embankment of black heaps, slowly but resistlessly progressing, with a perpetual clinking sound, caused by the rolling of the higher fragments down the advancing talus as the pressure of the hidden fluid urged them forward from behind. So little formidable was the aspect of the lava front, that when it had already destroyed the wall on one side of the carriage road, I found the whole stream of sightseers from Naples passing along the narrow channel left between the farther wall and the advancing lava, which a few hours later had completely cut the road.

Such being the typical phenomena of volcanic action, we may next find in the same district not merely numerous examples of the limited effects of purely volcanic shocks, but also examples of true earthquakes, such as that of 1857, which has formed the basis of much of the scientific literature of the subject. About ten o'clock on a still winter's night I was sitting writing on a third floor of one of the great houses that extend along the Chiaja of Naples, towards the hill of Posilippo, where the vast masonry foundations of ancient Roman villas project far out under the clear blue



THE INTERIOR OF THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

waters of the Mediterranean. Suddenly, with no preliminary warning, I experienced a peculiar sensation of something new and terrible that was passing around me. It was difficult at first to realise what it was. It was not like the vibration of heavy passing carts, not like the shaking of a storm, but a rapidly increasing irresistible movement, as if the earth had been seized and shaken in sport by some Cyclopean hand. All the bells of the house rang violently. The chandelier above my head swung to and fro like a pendulum. The floors creaked and strained as though about to start from the walls. The doors seemed ready to fall from their hinges. Although the duration of the shock appeared considerable to the strained and startled senses, it in reality hardly exceeded eight seconds; but after a brief interval a second shock succeeded, lasting twice as long, and of such violence that it was estimated by observers that, had it continued only about four seconds longer, the whole of Naples would have been in ruins. As it reached its climax I saw the walls bulging out as if about to fall inwards upon me, and, unable to bear longer the protracted suspense of waiting patiently for a catastrophe that seemed inevitable, I made for the arched stone staircase of the house, and, at first with difficulty maintaining my footing on the swaying steps, I reached the street after the vibrations had died away. The

wide Chiaja, extending a mile along the shore, and which two minutes earlier had been silent and deserted, was now thronged with a dense crowd, all dressed in white night-clothes, and all hurrying, terror-stricken, towards the famous church of Posilippo, the favourite shrine of the superstitious Neapolitans. It seemed like a sudden rising of the sheeted dead, thronging in a moment the streets of the sleeping city. But soon the silence of the terrified crowd was broken by the loud cries of women, calling for mercy and protection to the patrons of their idolatrous devotion.

In the southern districts of the Neapolitan kingdom some 15,000 persons perished in this earthquake, amidst the ruins of many villages and towns. In Naples I remember hearing that about eighty small subsequent shocks had been registered, in the course of the succeeding fortnight, at the Royal Observatory. During several succeeding nights the native population lighted great fires and camped around them in the streets. The legacy of terror left by earthquakes among superstitious populations, and the difficulty of exact observation when in the utterly helpless expectation of sudden death, or mutilation and entombment, has certainly rendered the records of earthquakes, before the invention of self-recording instruments, peculiarly liable to exaggeration and the growth of sensational fables.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFERSON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER I.—LEARNING AND LITERATURE.

THE youngest of the three learned professions, medicine, is, in England at least, so comparatively modern that the student can survey its course from the period when it first became in this country a regularly organised and authorised vocation. In times prior to this period there were of course healers amongst us, men who in their learning betrayed by turns the influence of northern leech-lore and southern science, and who in practice claimed and received the consideration accorded to them by the son of Esau, when he wrote the familiar words, "Honour a physician with the honour due unto him; for the uses which you may have of him, for the Lord hath created him; for of the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honour of the king," words which John Whitefoot, the Norfolk rector, in his "Minutes for the Life of Sir Thomas Browne," says he would have taken for his text had he been appointed to preach the funeral sermon of the famous Norwich physician who gave a grateful world the "Religio Medici," and received the dignity of knighthood from Charles the Second.

Long before the revival of letters, and longer yet before the science resulting from that revival,

it was rare for an English town of any considerable importance to be without a physician who held his head above his professional competitors on the strength of having studied at Oxford or Cambridge, or graduated at Paris or Bologna. With his gown of sanguyn and perse, lined with taffeta and sendal, the doctor, who loved the gold he won in the black sickness, and knew more of astrology and magic than the Bible, shows forth bravely to this hour amongst Chaucer's throng of jolly pilgrims. Mediæval England also produced doctors, who, wandering to foreign schools after the fashion of their time, rose to affluence and fame in the lands they visited for learning's sake. John Phreas, the fellow of Balliol, some of whose letters are preserved at the Bodleian, went to Padua for knowledge, and tarried in Italy till he had won the favour of powerful churchmen. For dedicating his translation of Diodorus Siculus to Paul the Second he was rewarded with a gift that cost him his life—the bishopric, which he had barely accepted from the pontiff when he was poisoned by a disappointed candidate for the preferment. It is thus that biography accounts for the doctor's disappearance from the world at the moment of

his elevation. But in days when no one could be eminent without living in perpetual dread of the poisoner, and dish-covers, instead of being invented to keep the heat in steaming viands, were invented to guard the savoury messes from the poisons which might otherwise be thrown upon them as they went from the kitchen to the table, people were so quick to assign every mysterious death to the most odious kind of assassination, that readers may doubt whether John Phreas really fell a victim to any such outbreak of satanic fury.

But though there were physicians before Linacre, even as Agamemnon was preceded by many heroes, the medical profession, so far as England is concerned, may be said to have come into existence shortly after a famous doctor prevailed on John Chambre, Fernandus de Victoria, Nicholas Halswell, John Fraunces, and Robert Yaxley to join with him in a petition to Henry the Eighth for letters patent, establishing a college with power to enact laws for the regulation of all doctors practising within London and seven miles thereof, and all practitioners of physic throughout the kingdom, with the exception of those who were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

Even as the legal profession dates from the lawyers' settlement in the Inns of Court, the medical profession dates from the institution of the College of Physicians. The scheme that had this memorable result was prepared in Linacre's house in Knight-rider Street, Doctors' Commons, and it was in accordance with Cardinal Wolsey's care for learning and taste for founding colleges that he favoured the project, and espoused it so far as to join in the prayer for the letters patent. It would have been strange had the sovereign hesitated to grant the request so commended to his consideration. Endowed by its founder's generosity with sufficient rooms in his own house, that ere long displayed on its wall the Physicians' Arms, devised and granted by Garter King-at-Arms, the new college had Linacre for its first president. A fitter man for the office could not have been found than the courtly doctor who possessed the king's confidence, and the elegant writer who enjoyed the friendship of Erasmus. Linacre had, moreover, other titles to the homage of his contemporaries. Dr. John Kaye (Caius), whose concern for culture survives to this day in the college created by his wealth at Cambridge, avoided the usual and pardonable fault of epitaph-writers, when, without a word of excessive eulogy, he wrote on the first president's tomb, "Detesting deceits and tricks, faithful to his friends, beloved by all men, ordained a priest some years before his death, he passed from this life full of years and much lamented." Linacre's motive for taking holy orders towards the close of his career is unknown, but his character precludes the suspicion that he was ambitious of the distinction to which John Phreas attained. In this particular his conduct is the more remarkable, because it is recorded of him that, though abounding in the Christian graces, he perused the Testament for the first time only a short while before his death, when he was so surprised at the discrepancy between

the doctrine and practice of persons professing Christianity, that he exclaimed with fervour on laying down the sacred volume, "Either this is not the Gospel or we are not Christians."

The state of medicine in Henry the Eighth's England may be inferred from the passages of the letters patent for establishing Linacre's college, which declare that heretofore a multitude of ignorant persons, the greater part of whom had no insight into physic or any other kind of learning, were the usual advisers of the sick at moments of urgent peril, "so far forth that common artificers, as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomably took upon them great cures, to the high displeasure of God and destruction of many of the king's liege people." Nor was the ignorance confined to practitioners who could not have read a verse to save themselves from the halter. In truth the Tudors had long perished from reigning houses before the sick had better reason for trusting many a stately court doctor than a rustic dealer in simples. An author of delightful books, William Bulleyn—a doctor of high repute in the reigns of our Sixth Edward and his sisters—dosed his patients with "electuaries" and "precious waters," compounded in ways as wonderful as their ingredients were numerous. For the preparation of his celebrated "Electuarium de Gemmis" he says, with the seriousness suitable to a philosopher, "Take two drachms of white perles; two little peeces of saphyre; jacinth, corneline, emerauldes, gernettes, of each an ounce; setwal, the sweate roote doronike, the rind of pomecitron, mace, basel seede, of each two drachms; of redde corall, amber, shaving of ivory, of each two drachms; rootes both of white and red behen, ginger, long pepper, spicknard, folium indicum, saffron, cardamon, of each one drachm; of troch, diarodon, lignum aloes, of each half a small handful; cinnamon, galinga, zuru-beth, which is a kind of setwal, of each one drachm and a half; thin peeces of gold and silver, of each half a scruple; of musk, half a drachm. Make your electuary with honey emblici, which is the fourth kind of mirobolans with roses, strained in equall partes, as much as will suffice. This healeth cold diseases of ye braine, harte, stomach. It is a medicine proved against the trembynge of the harte, faynting and souning, the weaknes of the stomacke, pensivenes, solitarines. Kings and noble men have used this for their comfort. It causeth them to be bold-spirited, the body to smell wel, and ingendreth to the face good colour." When such a mess was served to kings and princes to give them lightness of heart, personal fragrance, and a clear complexion, cheaper and more nauseous messes of half a hundred incongruous ingredients were forced down the throats of the populace to bring them round from ague or typhus.

Following Bulleyn, at a distance of two generations, Theodore Turquet de Mayerne shows by his prescriptions with what little science a man of fine presence, worldly tact, and agreeable manner could rise to the highest honours of the medical profession in the seventeenth century. Dying at Chelsea in 1655, when he was buried in

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the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—the same church in which John Hunter found his *first* grave in the present century—Sir Theodore Mayerne of England (Baron Aulbone of France), during the long career which closed in his eighty-second year, prescribed for almost as many sovereigns and other supreme personages as Sir Henry Holland doctored two centuries later. A court doctor in France, he was also a court doctor in London. Henry IV and Louis XIII of France, and James I and Charles I of England, one and all put forth their tongues at the request of this superlatively fortunate practitioner, who in time prior to the Restoration saw our Second Charles through more than one illness. And yet his prescriptions provoke astonishment and laughter in this comparatively enlightened age. A sot on principle, Mayerne recommended his patients to fortify their constitutions by a monthly excess in wine and food, and when this regimen gave them a smart attack of gout he came to their relief with his famous gout powder that contained, with other things no less salutary, “the raspings of a human skull unburied.” For the benefit of hypochondriacal sufferers the doctor invented his “balsam of bats,” an elegant preparation made of adders, bats, sucking whelps, earth-worms, hog’s lard, stag’s marrow, and stuff from the bones of oxen. When the gout powder and balsam of bats failed of the desired effect he had recourse to amulets and charms. Living in the time of Sir Theodore Mayerne’s brightest celebrity, it is not wonderful that Lord Bacon wrote slightly of medicine as “a science which had been more professed than laboured, and yet more laboured than advanced, the labour having been more in circle than in progressions.” Possibly Mayerne’s success and methods were not absent from the great philosopher’s mind when, in the “Advancement of Learning,” after speaking of medicine as an art that “being conjectural, hath made so much the more place to be left for imposture,” he added, “Nay, we see the weakness and credulity of men is such as they will often prefer a mountebank or witch before a learned physician.”

In the seventeenth century and earlier time the mountebanks of medicine were not confined to the pretenders, who, vending nostrums in markets and fairs from a raised bench, attracted the multitude with the facetious speeches and antics that caused them to be known as Merry Andrews. The more fortunate charlatans drove quite as brave coaches, wore quite as impressive wigs, and lived in quite as fine houses as the best and most respectable of the regular doctors. They were quite as often in the houses of the great, and on easy terms with supereminent statesmen. And whilst the tricksters could thus compete with honest physicians, who did much for their patients’ welfare and no little for the advancement of medical knowledge, it was not rare for a doctor, holding the diploma of the college, and knowing as much as any of the orthodox faculty, to ingratiate himself with the populace by imitating the mountebanks, who were nothing better than mere mountebanks. In truth, the term Merry Andrew (a term synonymous with mountebank) comes to

us from a curious character of the sixteenth century, who, though he was a considerable scholar, an able physician (as physic went in those days), a subtle political agent, and a reverend priest, did not deem it inconsistent with his dignity to dress like harlequin, blow a trumpet from a grotesquely painted car, and talk merry nonsense and clever ribaldry for the hour together from a public platform to a crowd of gaping rustics or saucy citizens, in order that he might drive a better trade in pills and potions with his delighted auditors. Whilst a paper still preserved amongst our public records points to the political services rendered to Henry VIII’s Cromwell by “Andrew Boorde, priest,” William Bulleyn’s “Dialogue between Soarnes and Chirurgi” bears testimony that this same Andrew Boorde—the father of the



ANDREW BOORDE,
Physician to Henry VIII and the original Merry Andrew.
From an old print after Holbein.

“Merry Andrews”—“wrote wel of physicke to profit the common wealth withal.”

But though medicine made but slow progress from the establishment of Linacre’s college to the time when Bacon wrote on the advancement of learning, and from the period in which Mayerne treated hypochondria and gout with bat-balsam and powder of human bones to the time when Sydenham, during his frequent attacks of gout, used to sit at an open window of his house in St. James’s Square, swilling small beer out of a silver tankard, under the impression that it was the most cooling and in every respect most salutary beverage for

sufferers from his particular malady, it must not be imagined that nothing was being done to raise medicine from the darkness of mediæval quackery, and relieve it of the censure passed upon it by so competent a critic as Francis Bacon. Three years before Mayerne's death, the College of Physicians placed in their hall a statue to a doctor who survived Mayerne by two years and three months—the acute observer of whom it was written

"The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food),
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save."

A great man is never alone in his greatness. He may have overtopped and surpassed his contemporaries, but on inquiry he will be always found to have companions who resembled him in ability and purpose, in the characteristics of their endowments and the ends for which they employed them. The *élite* of Harvey's medical contemporaries resembled him in being Baconian observers; and they have been followed by the steadily-growing army of observers and reasoners who, working on the Baconian method, gathered the facts and arrived at the conclusions which enable the present practitioners of medicine to detect the nature of hidden disease so precisely, to foretell its course so accurately, and treat it at every turn so effectively. To those physicians of olden time and their successors it is due that in this happier age the poorest peasant of a petty hamlet has at his sick-bed a medical attendant more intelligent within the lines of his peculiar calling, and more capable of combating the ailments to which humanity is liable, than any of the doctors who quickened Charles the Second's final sufferings, or, thronging round Queen Anne's death-bed, pelted one another with sarcastic speeches.

Moreover, it should be borne in mind that if he wrote slightly of their special science and remedial processes, Bacon had the highest respect for the intelligence and culture of the physicians with whom he came in contact, and for their discretion on matters outside the province of their particular calling. Speaking of the diverse acquirements and capabilities of the Elizabethan physicians, he says, "For you shall have of them antiquaries, poets, humanists, statesmen, merchants, divines." Such testimony from so impressive a witness would by itself save us from the mistake of judging these doctors by their prescriptions. But there is a redundancy of corroborative evidence that; whilst their theory and practice in professional matters accorded with prevailing opinion, they went with the men of light and leading on all other subjects.

The story of Sir Kenelm Digby's Sympathetic Powder enables us, whilst reviewing the science and practice of the doctors of the seventeenth century, to realise what their more educated patients believed or were ready to believe respecting disease and its treatment. Sir Kenelm made his celebrated powder in the following manner: After dissolving vitriol in warm water he filtered the solution, and left it in the air to evaporate till a thin scum appeared on the surface. Closely

covered, this solution was kept in a cool place for two or three days, when it precipitated fair green crystals, that were exposed in a large flat earthen dish to the heat of the sun in the dog-days till the sun calcined them. When thus calcined they were roughly powdered, and again exposed to the sun for further calcination, and put again in the mortar for further trituration. This treatment was repeated till the crystals had been reduced to the finest possible powder, which possessed truly marvellous properties. Good for many things, it was especially efficacious for the cure of wounds. If a piece of a wounded man's raiment, stained with blood from the wound, were dipped in water holding some of this miraculous powder in solution, the wound of the injured person forthwith began to heal. It mattered not how long a time had elapsed since the infliction of the wound, or how far the sufferer was away from the place where the bit of blood-stained raiment was placed in the sympathetic solution. The patient might be dying in Paris or Madrid, and the piece of stained linen or velvet might be operated upon in London. It was not needful that the patient should place faith in the remedy, or even that he should know how his cure was being compassed at the distance of a thousand, or any number of thousands of miles. Coming accidentally on two of his friends when they were fighting a duel with swords, James Howel, the author of the "*Dendrologia*," with excellent motives and inconvenient consequences, interposed between the combatants and tried to separate them. The immediate result of this interference was that Mr. Howel retired from the field with his hands badly cut by the swords of the belligerents. Five days later, when his hands were in so bad a way that the surgeons feared the wounds would gangrene, Mr. Howel had recourse to Sir Kenelm Digby, the knight whom his eulogists delighted to term "a gentleman absolute in all numbers" (whatever that may mean). Taking from his visitor a garter, stained with blood from the wounded hands, Sir Kenelm, without letting the sufferer know or suspect what was about to be done, threw the article of costume into a vessel that contained some of the vitriolic solution. The cure worked instantaneously.

"What ails you?" cried Sir Kenelm, seeing his patient start with a look of mingled surprise and gratification.

"I know not how it has come about, but all the pain has left my hands," was the answer. "Me-thinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a cold napkin, has replaced the inflammation that a minute since was tormenting me."

"Good," rejoined the knight absolute in all numbers. "Then throw away the medicaments and plaisters, and only see that you keep the wounds clean."

Instead of going home like a prudent invalid, Mr. Howel forthwith ran about the town, telling his acquaintances of the marvellous affair. Catching the gossip of the courtiers, the Duke of Buckingham hastened to Sir Kenelm Digby to ascertain the exact truth of the matter. After entertaining the duke with dinner, Sir Kenelm, to

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demonstrate the power of his powder, took the garter out of the solution, and in his grace's presence dried it before the fire. Scarcely was it dry, when Mr. Howel's servant ran into the room with the announcement that his master's hands were worse than ever—ay, were burning as though they were placed between coals of fire. The servant having been dismissed with an assurance that on returning to his master he would find his wounds painless and free from inflammation, Sir Kenelm put the garter back in the solution, with a result altogether satisfactory to Mr. Howel and his servant. During the next six days there was little talk in the best houses of James the First's London on any subject but Mr. Howel's case and Sir Kenelm's powder. King James required a

series of bulletins, giving him quick intelligence of every change in the patient's state; and on the completion of the cure his Majesty successfully besought Sir Kenelm to tell him how the powder was made. If he is to be trusted, Sir Kenelm learnt how to make the sympathetic vitriol from a French philosopher, who described the process in an oration delivered to "a solemn assembly of nobles and learned men at Montpellier in France." Whatever the confidence or distrust to which the knight is entitled, it is certain that for a time educated English people believed in Sir Kenelm and his powder quite as readily and generally as uneducated people of the present time believe in any imposture of the hour which tickles and fascinates them.

CHASING THE DEER.

† My heart's in the Hiellands a-chasing the deer."—*Old Song.*

THE picture of "Mary Stuart returning from the Chase," by the Italian painter, Corrodi, of which we give a copy, sets us thinking of some of the many traditions which have gathered around the chase in Scotland. Many striking incidents, pathetic ballads, and glowing poems have their foundation in it. The tender passages of love and the pathos of sorrowing affection, the generosity of a noble spirit and the courage of a steadfast patriotism, the horrors of feud and war and the humour of rosy rusticity, are all blended together in the story of the Scottish chase. To that source also not a few ancient families, rightly or wrongly, trace their rise.

Although the deer has long since ceased to pant for the rivers and runlets in the southern moors of Scotland, the memory of its existence there in great abundance is still preserved in many traditions and ballads of the Border. The family of Scott, now exalted to the first seat below the throne itself, owes its first start, according to the legend, to a bit of plucky work done in Ettrick Forest over eight hundred years ago. Ettrick was once a real forest, covered with mighty trees and alive with deer. For hundreds of years it was the favourite hunting-ground of the royal Stuarts; and it was there that James II, with fifteen thousand men, encountered the outlaw Murray, who had five hundred men of his own, all dressed in Lincoln green, and who, says the popular ballad, had a castle of his own and rode about with his lady in robes of royal purple. That ballad tells us,—

"Ettrick is a fair forest,
In it grows many a seemly tree;
The hart, the hind, the doe, the ree,
And of all wild beasts great plentie."

In the tenth century, says the old sennachy of

the Scott clan, two youths fled from Galloway, and, making their way to Ettrick, were hospitably entertained by Brydon, the keeper of the royal forest. Finding them accomplished in "the mystery of woods," the ranger kept them in his service. One day, as King Kenneth was hunting with his courtiers, one of the young men observed a buck hard pressed by the hounds, and eagerly joined in the chase. At the Rankilburn—a glen near the Ettrick, where stood of old the manor of Buccleuch—the buck was brought to bay, and turned furiously on the hounds, as a knowing "royal stag" will do to some purpose. The young Gallowegian rushed in, seized the pugilistic buck by the horns, and then, like a modern Milo,

"Alive he threw him on his back,
Ere any man came there,
And to the Cakra-Cross did trot,
Against the hill a mile or mair."

King Kenneth, mightily taken with the doughty deed of the young forester, presented him off-hand with the territory of Buccleuch, thus addressing him:—

"And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heugh,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scot in *Bucksleugh*."

The simple legend of the deer-hunt is still an article of belief among the peasants of the Border, and at the beginning of the present century a magnificent piece of silver plate was prepared, under the direction of Sir Walter Scott, as a memorial of the incident. There can be no doubt, however, as to the fabulous nature of the story, for Buccleuch did not come into the possession of the Scotts for at least two hundred years after the date

given by the sennachy—an old soldier, who professed himself unable to write anything beyond the letters of his own name.

Perhaps there never went out to the chase so huge an array as that which Scotland's merry monarch, James V, led down in the summer of 1528 to capture Johnnie Armstrong, "the most redoubtable chieftain," says an old chronicler, "that had been for a long time on the borders either of England or Scotland. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen well horsed, yet he never molested any Scottish man." The young king, however fond of wild frolic, entertained a righteous indignation against the thieves and reivers of the Borders, and determined on rooting them out. He issued a clever proclamation, summoning all lords, gentlemen, and freeholders to appear in Edinburgh, and all who had "good dogs" to bring them with them. The Earls of Argyll, Athole, Huntly, and others came in answer to the summons, which was a tempting mixture for those Highland chiefs. Twelve thousand men marched down from Edinburgh, and after leisurely enjoying the sport of hawking by the way, and slaying eighteen score of harts, they proceeded to business with the freebooter. Armstrong, however, yielded to his sovereign, expecting pardon. The boy-king was incensed at the gorgeous apparel in which the thief and his comrades were dressed. "Wants that knave aught that a king should have?" he exclaimed. Johnnie pleaded hard for life, promising to maintain forty men at his own cost for the king's service, and even to bring any subject in England to the king, either quick or dead. At last, finding that he was only wasting breath, he wound up with the daring words, "It's folly to seek grace at a graceless face!" He and twenty-six of his followers were forthwith hanged upon the greenwood trees.

Stories, true or legendary, might be multiplied. In passing away from the Borders to another scene, a reference must be made to the famous conflict of Chevy Chase. According to the ancient version of the ballad, that woeful expedition sprang from a vow of Percy that "he would hunt in the mountains of Cheviot within days three, in maugre of doughty Douglas." It will be new to most of our readers to learn that it was a custom in times of peace (and these were rare enough!) for the people on one side of the Border to ask permission of the king's warden on the other side to chase the deer towards the end of summer—a custom that often led to bloodshed. On the union of the two kingdoms in 1613, it seemed desirable that this practice should be put an end to, and the Scottish Privy Council accordingly issued an order threatening confiscation of his goods against any person who should attempt to continue it. An interesting relic of those savage times is still preserved by Lord Polwarth as a precious heirloom, no less a curiosity than the bugle horn of "Auld Wat," the husband of Mary Scott, the lovely Flower of Yarrow. The horn is covered with udely-carved initials, and struck the writer (who has seen it) as more like the old-time possession of a mountain shepherd than of the famous bravo who, in the words of Sir Walter Scott,

"Took a bugle frae his side,
With names carved o'er and o'er,
Full many a chief of meikle pride
That Border bugle bore."

Walking across country into the "land of Burns," into the parish where Tam O'Shanter had his habitation, we strike on a romantic incident to which Scotland owes the most memorable of all its sovereigns, Robert Bruce. Martha, or Marjory, Countess of Carrick, a young widow whose husband had fallen in Barbary fighting for the Cross, while out hunting one day with her squires and handmaidens, met a gallant knight riding over her domains. The "seemly" youth proved to be the son of the noble lord of Annandale. "When greetings and kisses had been given on each side, as is the wont of courtiers, she besought him to stay and hunt and walk about. Seeing that he was rather unwilling to do so, she by force, so to speak, with her own hands made him pull up, and brought the knight with her to her castle of Turnberry, although he was very loth to go. After dallying there with his followers for fifteen days or more, he took the countess to wife clandestinely, while the friends and well-wishers of both knew nothing about it, nor had the king's consent been got at all in the matter. Therefore, the common belief of the whole country was that she had forcibly laid hold on this youth for her husband. When the thing came to the ears of King Alexander, he seized the castle of Turnberry and made all her other lands and possessions be acknowledged as in his hands because she had wedded Robert the Bruce without consulting his royal majesty. However, by means of the entreaties of friends, and by means of a certain sum of money agreed upon, this Robert gained the king's good-will and the whole domain" of the ardent countess. The noble couple were the parents of King Robert Bruce.

The Scottish liberator inherited his mother's taste for the pastime of the chase, and the sound of his bugle horn was well known to the faithful companions of his wanderings in the hard times before the crown was fixed firmly on his brows. But the chase was a necessity rather than a pastime with the band of patriots, during the trying period that followed his defeat at Methven, when he and his supporters wandered shoeless over the Highland hills with high-born ladies of delicate up-bringing in their train.

"Then to the hill they rode their way,
Where great default of meat had they.
But worthy James of Douglas,
Aye travelling and busy was
For to procure the ladies meat,
And it on many ways would get;
For whiles he venison them brought,
And with his hands sometimes he wrought
Gins to take 'geddis' and salmons,
Trouts, eels, and also minnows."

The good Sir James was not forgotten by his sovereign in happier years. He bestowed the forest of Ettrick on his *fidus Achates*, and it continued in the possession of the Douglasses until



MARY STUART RETURNING FROM THE CHASE.

[Corradi.]

their forfeiture in the middle of the fifteenth century.

One of the bravest and most loyal supporters of the champion of Scottish independence was Sir William St. Clair, who fought on the field of Bannockburn and accompanied Douglas on his journey to the Holy Sepulchre with Bruce's heart, falling by his side while doing battle with the infidels in Spain. An old writer tells a pretty tradition of the friendship between him and his royal master. Once upon a time King Robert appointed a great hunting on the Pentland Hills, then a royal forest. After his nobles had enjoyed the pastime for two or three days, he told them of a white deer with which his own hounds had never been able to cope, and asked them if any one of them could furnish dogs that would be equal to the combat. They all confessed themselves unable, except Sir William St. Clair, who had two splendid red hounds, named Help and Hold. He said, "not thinking that any should charge his words, that he would wager his head that they should kill the deer before ever she came over the march burn. But the words no sooner vanished in the air but it was declared to the king, who, taking indignation that his hounds should be speediest, would have him abide at his word, and laid against his head all Pentland Hills and Pentland Moor, with the forest." Sir William naturally felt rather anxious when his head was at stake. A few horsemen were told off to search out the fleet and combative hind. St. Clair offered up a prayer to the saints, and on raising his eyes saw the deer leaping down towards the spot where he stood. He first slipped Hold and then Help, and followed them upon his steed to watch the issue of the serious game. The hind managed to reach the middle of the stream and the wager seemed lost, when Hold seized her, and Help turned her back towards the bank, where she was slain. Bruce embraced the victorious knight, and at once granted him the lands of Kirkton, Whitehaugh, Skipperfields, and others, in "free forestry." In gratitude for his deliverance, the pious knight—ancestor of the Sinclairs of Roslin, a name familiar enough through the beautiful chapel by the Esk—erected a church on the spot where he had prayed in despair as he saw the deer swim across the burn.

Edinburgh has another deer legend. The ground on which Holyrood Palace now stands was probably covered with a dense forest in the twelfth century. King David I, who has been called "a sore saint for the crown," because of his immense benefactions to the Church, resembled Edward the Confessor in his piety and his passion for the chase. Once, while hunting in the forest beside Edinburgh, he was pursued by a wild hart, and thrown on the ground along with his horse. At the moment of extreme peril he was saved from the infuriated beast by the intervention of the Holy Cross—or Holy Rood—which glided into his hands as he was seizing the horns of the deer. On the scene of the miracle, says the tradition, he founded the great abbey of Holyrood, which was destined in later times to become one of the most historic spots in the world.

The legend has in it at least this kernel of truth, that David was a mighty hunter, with the instincts and training of a Norman knight. "I grieve the more," said Robert Bruce's aged ancestor, as he sought to dissuade David from the conflict, just before the Battle of the Standard, where they fought on opposite sides, "when I remember the days when we played together as children, the deeds of arms and the perils we have encountered, and the pleasant sport we have enjoyed together, with our hawks and hounds." Keen warrior and thoughtless sportsman though he was, he had a gentle and humane spirit. One who knew him most intimately has bequeathed this touching eulogy: "Often with these eyes have I seen him draw back his foot when it was already in the stirrup, and he was just mounting to follow the diversion of the chase. Should the voice of any poor suppliant be heard begging for an audience, the horse was left, the amusement given up for that day, and the king would return to his palace."

Braemar, a famous hunting district at the present day, was a playground of the Scottish sovereigns as far back at least as the eleventh century. An incident which probably occurred there shows Malcolm Canmore, the conqueror of Macbeth and the devoted husband of St. Margaret, to have been a man of heroic and magnanimous temper. Having received private information that a plot was laid against his life, he ordered the informer to keep the matter secret. Calmly awaiting the arrival of the traitor with his vassals at the court in Scone, he gave orders to his huntsmen to be ready with the dogs at break of day. "And now," says his loving Saxon biographer, "when dawn had just driven away the night, King Malcolm assembled his knights and nobles, and proceeded with them to take the pastime of the chase in a broad plain, which was fringed with a very thick wood like a crown. In the middle of this green meadow was a gentle eminence, enamelled with wild flowers of all manner of hues, which formed a welcome lounge for the king and hunters after the fatigue of the chase. The king stood upon this height, and, according to the custom of the chase, which is called 'trista,' having allotted certain stations to the nobles and their dogs in such a manner that the quarry should meet death at whatever point it should attempt escape, he requested the traitor to remain alone with him while the rest departed." The king then took him into a remote part of the wood, drew his own sword, and challenged him with treachery. "Here we are alone, thou and I, man to man, with like weapons. There is none to see or hear. You have sought my life; take it if you are able." Struck as with a thunderbolt by Malcolm's heroism, the traitor leapt from horseback, threw away his weapons, and cast himself at the king's feet, imploring his forgiveness.

The rise of the house of Mackenzie—who became Earls of Cromartie—is ascribed by tradition to an adventure on Deeside, closely similar to that of John Scott in Galloway. It is alleged to have taken place in the happy days of Alexander III, grandfather of the Maid of Norway.

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While the king was hunting in the forest of Mar, an infuriated stag rushed at him, and would have killed him but for a well-directed arrow from the bow of Colin Fitzgerald, a young Irish chieftain who had taken refuge at the Scottish court. Together with a gift of wide territory his grateful sovereign granted Colin as his coat-of-arms a "caberfae," or stag's head, bleeding from a wound in the forehead, with two greyhounds as supporters. An immense sheet of canvas, illustrating the gallant rescue of King Alexander, was painted by Sir Benjamin West for the Mackenzie chief some eighty years ago, and now adorns the drawing-room of Brahan Castle, near Dingwall.

It was the custom for the nobility and gentry of Scotland to have a grand meeting once a year, in August and September, at some spot in the Highlands, for the purpose of holding a "tinchel," or general massacre of deer. The Earls of Mar conducted their gatherings on quite a regal scale. Their vassals held land under the condition of providing men and hounds for the hunts, building the "lonckarts," or temporary lodges of boughs, and sending out the tinchels—that is, men for "driving" the forest. At the outbreak of the rebellion of 1715, the Earl of Mar took advantage of this custom to assemble the leaders of the Jacobite party and sound them as to their readiness to support an insurrection in favour of the Pretender. In 1618 John Taylor, the Thames "Water-Poet," had the rare courage to make his "penniless pilgrimage" through Scotland, even penetrating to Braemar through bogs and heaths and quagmires, "where a dog with three legs would outrun a horse with four." He had the luck to witness and take part in one of those grand gatherings, and the condescending humour to allow himself to be rigged out in Highland dress like everybody else who was present at the sport. Fourteen hundred persons had assembled, and among them were four lords with their countesses, besides a hundred knights and squires. In his interesting description the Cockney poet says: "Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece; stockings, which they call their hose, made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan; . . . their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours; . . . with blue caps on their heads, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck." He describes the "sport" also, which consisted in five hundred tinchel-men rising early and chasing in the deer in herds of three or four hundred; the gentlemen rode out later, till they saw the heads of the animals like a wood upon the hills, and then the poor deer were chased down into the valley, where they were at the mercy of two hundred greyhounds, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers. The *menu* was of a lavish character. Kettles, pots, and spits never ceased to boil and be turned in the kitchen on the bank, and there were, along with a "great variety of deer, as venison—baked, sodden, roast, and stewed—beef, mutton, goats, kids, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moorcoots, heathcocks, capercaillies, and termagants." Besides ale, claret, and other

wines, the Gargantuan feast embraced "most potent aquavitæ." Smollett has related that in 1797 he was present at a hunters' breakfast near Loch Lomond, when the family repast consisted of a kit of boiled eggs, a kit of butter, a kit of cream, a whole cheese of goat's milk, a large earthen pot of honey, cold venison, etc., and a vast supply of liquor. Great justice was done to the collation, one of the party consuming no less than two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionate quantity of bread, butter, and honey. Not a single drop of liquor was left on the board.

King James VI, in whose reign Taylor made his pilgrimage, is well known to have been an enthusiastic huntsman from his boyhood, and this taste, which was indeed the ruling passion of his life, gained for him the designation of the British Nimrod. Grave statesmen had sometimes to ride six hours with the hounds for the chance of a few minutes' conversation with him. We are told that when the chase was over, and the foresters, all unbanned, were winding the *mort* upon their bugles, the royal woodsman might be seen—this on the advice of his physician to protect him against gout!—plunging his unbooted limbs into the reeking entrails of the deer. Many stories might be told of his hunting expeditions. For instance, when he rushed with his hunting-knife at a stranger who had turned the stag, and who adroitly saved himself by falling on his knees and imploring his majesty not to make him a knight.

His grandfather, James V, had also a passionate love for the chase from boyhood, and it was while hunting at Falkland, when a lad of sixteen, that he rose at dead of night, stole to the stables in the disguise of a yeoman, and rode off towards Stirling on a fleet horse so as to free himself from the shackles of his guardians. When out hunting he frequently dashed ahead of his companions, and being overtaken by night and separated from them, was compelled to seek shelter in some humble cottage. To this custom of his Sir Walter Scott was indebted for the idea of the gallant FitzJames in "The Lady of the Lake," a poem which gives a marvellous description of a royal hunt in the Trosachs. On one occasion the "King of the Commons" was benighted and found shelter in a lonely cottage upon a moor at the foot of the Ochil Hills. The husband called out to the "gudewife" to cook for the stranger the plumpest hen; and the king was so delighted with the entertainment given him by the worthy couple that he invited them to Stirling. On going there and inquiring for the "Gudeman o' Ballangeich," they found to their astonishment that their genial guest was no other than the king.

The wild valley of Glentilt, in Perthshire (not far from the Pass of Killiecrankie), is memorable in the history of the chase from two great "drives" that took place there—one in 1534, in honour of James V, which cost the Earl of Athole a thousand pounds a day; the other, in 1563, got up for the entertainment of his lovely but unfortunate daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, who had not, however, Queen Bess's extraordinary passion for the chase. The story of the former hunt is the more interesting, but as the latter forms the

subject of our illustration, we prefer to give a description of the queen's visit. The following is the account of an eye-witness, a learned Scotsman, who became a professor in a French university:—"Two thousand Highlanders . . . were employed to drive to the hunting-ground all the deer from the woods and hills of Athole, Badenoch, Mar, Moray, and the counties about. . . . In less than two months they brought together two thousand red deer, besides roes and fallow deer. The queen, the great men, and others were in a glen when all the deer were brought before them. Believe me, the whole body of them moved forward in something like battle array. They had a leader whom they followed close. He was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the queen very much, but she soon had occasion for fear, upon the earl's addressing her thus: 'Do you see that stag who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag, for if either fear or rage force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for the rest will follow this one, and having thrown us

under foot, they will open a passage to this hill behind us.' What happened a moment after confirmed this, for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose upon a wolf. This the dog pursued. The leading stag was frightened; he flies up the same way he had come down, the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of the Highlanders was. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat upon the heather and to allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright; and the whole body would have got off, had not the Highlanders, by their skill in hunting, fallen upon the stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. . . . There were killed that day 360 deer, with five wolves and some roes."

In closing this paper, which does not profess by any means to exhaust the subject, we may mention that the last wolf of Scotland is said to have fallen in the year 1680.

M. MACMASTER.

Old and New.

A WAITING world—a breath of midnight sighing
O'er land and sea, "The good year dies at last;"
And through the gloom a clear young voice reply-
ing,
"I will renew the past."

So glide the years through Time's mysterious
portal,
And grass grows green above their yesterdays;
But new years, reaching on to life immortal,
Are opening as we gaze.

O God, the old are new in Thy remembrance,
The new are old to Thy far-reaching sight;
Their light and darkness are alike in semblance,
Seen through eternal light!

Forgive, we pray, the moments lost for ever,
And the dim wasted days whose sun went down,
Ere the brief noontide of our best endeavour
For an unfading crown.

Forgive the hopes that were not aspirations,
The dreams that bore no purpose true and
strong,
The faithless thoughts that nurtured lamentations
Instead of thanks and song.

And help us so to live by Thine assistance
That each to-day of this New Year may be
Fair as it seemed when shining in the dis-
tance,
And beautiful for Thee.

May every morning rouse some deep conviction
Ere noon in deeds to be made manifest;
Each eventide breathe holy benediction
Upon us as we rest.

Teach us, O Lord, the fearless trust that buildeth
In joy or sorrow on Thy word alone,
Strong in possession of the love that gildeth
The pathway yet unknown.

So would we live, Thy name and truth adorning,
And know Thy peace alike in calm and strife;
Till, passing through some gateway of the morning,
We have Eternal Life!

MARY ROWLES.

ANSELM'S DREAM.

ANSELM GERVAIS, a painter and decorator by trade, dwelling in a small provincial town, was returning home from his work one evening, very tired and very discontented. The fact was that he had acquired this disagreeable temper while at work repairing and decorating the mansion of the noble and wealthy Baron of Auderne. Living in the neighbourhood of the princely residence, he had become one of a large number of daily workmen, mostly strangers to him. Among these was a native of Paris, puffed up by the foolish ideas he had contracted at some of the meetings frequented by the socialists, atheists, anarchists, and others of the capital, and who in his turn disseminated the most pernicious principles among his companions with an assuming air, and produced a very injurious effect on their minds.

Anselm, who had hitherto found his own condition at least endurable, and wished to injure no one, now began to take a dislike to his limited state of life, and even to bear ill-will against the proprietor of the estate, who was so much higher than himself in the scale of society. Now what was the reason of this change? His only trouble was that he was born to inherit the same state of life as his father. Was it just, said he, that some people should have so much and others so little? The baron devours the subsistence of many. Would it not be much better, as the Parisian has said, to equalize all conditions, and for this purpose to make a division of property by taking the wealth of the rich and bestowing it on the poor? Let us see, there are twenty persons working for the baron; without taking all things from him, if his immense riches were divided amongst the twenty and himself, instead of one happy man there would be twenty-one. He would not be much wronged, for he would still have more than enough for supporting himself comfortably.

Ah! the fine dream of seeing himself all at once a proprietor of some fair estate, having a good income, and nothing to do but to fold his arms and enjoy life!

It was by indulging such thoughts as these that Anselm often entertained himself when returning in the evening to his modest cottage.

Now what took place not long afterwards?

Yes, what took place? Just that which Anselm had desired. A division of property was made. Anselm awoke one morning to find himself alone, installed in an apartment rivaling in elegance that of the baron. This, and the house of which it formed a part, were his legitimate property. He no more considered the means by which this wonderful change had been brought about than he disquieted himself by wanting to know what had become of his wife and children; he knew only this that now he had become a rich man.

Ah! this was a very flattering reflection, and Anselm was going to enjoy many a happy day!

But now in the first place he wanted breakfast, and therefore he haughtily pulled a bell-rope, being sure that, like the baron, he should see the ready valet bring a cup of chocolate on a silver plate. But no. In vain he rang and rang again, and made a great noise. Nobody answered. Ah! was he by chance in this fine house and he alone of its inmates awake?

It was worse than this; he was really in a deserted house. He traversed it from top to bottom without finding a living soul, nor even anything to put into his mouth, although he was very hungry. However, there were cafés and places of refreshment in the town, and when a man has on a good coat he finds not much difficulty in obtaining breakfast. But in order to go out Anselm must dress himself, and must polish his boots himself, and must brush himself, at a time when he had thought of being treated like a prince.

This was a strange commencement in the life of an opulent man! Scarcely had he passed the threshold of his door than he found himself face to face with one of his comrades, a cabinet-maker, who, red and out of breath, with his face bruised and his clothes covered with dirt and dust, had a most downcast appearance.

"Stop!" cried Anselm; "how came you in this plight, and whence do you come Philip?"

"How? whence?" answered Philip, in a tone at once querulous and angry. "I come from my estate, to be sure."

"Your estate?" repeated Anselm, amazed.

"Ah! have you lost your memory?" replied the other. "You know very well the division of property that the Parisian wanted to make. Something has been taken from all the rich fellows of the country. I have got one of the baron's farms, as you have also one of his town houses. This is very well, my good fellow, but you see, my labourers, who are enriched, also feel their importance, and refuse to serve me, so that I find myself the occupier of a property all going to ruin for want of attention. I was obliged this morning to change the litter of my oxen and to milk my cows myself. In that way I got this fine kick on the face. I have had enough of it, and I am going to see if I can find some help in the town."

"Ah!" said Anselm, "then this sharing has become general? I see now why my house is deserted. I have no servant at my command, and I have to go out of my house to get breakfast."

At this instant there was passing in the street one of the baron's valets, who, having heard the complaints of Anselm and Philip, looked at them with an insolent air, and said to them, smiling, "Ah! ah! I have you now, Mr. Levellers! You thought the ideas of the Parisian superb, on the supposition of becoming rich yourselves, and that

there should always be some poor people to serve you. Well, all the world is on the same level now, and you may run after valets and labourers, but you will not find any." Then he passed on.

Run after valets and labourers! It was necessary to run after many more than these. There was a general distress among all trades. The town had a most strange aspect, sullen and agitated at the same time; no shops open; no market, no tradesmen; no carriages; many people in the streets; and everything had an air of confusion and astonishment. All were like Anselm and Philip, in the most unenviable degree of em-



IN SEARCH OF BREAKFAST.

barrassment, each being obliged to do a little of everything, giving himself up to despair, and doing nothing well. People met with many men gashed on the face, and many lame: the first were unfortunate men, who, not having been accustomed to it, were obliged to shave and trim their own beards: the latter were those who, for want of gas in the streets during the darkness of the evening, had stumbled against some obstacle. And obstacles abounded, for at every corner were raised enormous heaps of rubbish, and the air was infected with it; in a word, the town was turned upside down. Only children, with the indifference common at their age, did not disturb themselves at this extraordinary crisis. They saw but one thing evident in this social overthrow; it was that masters and mistresses ceased to fulfil their duties; the schools were closed, and the pupils became bold, blustering, impudent, and troublesome on all sides.

However, Anselm continued his course through the town, all the time in search of a coffee-house, of an eating-house, of a pastry-cook, of a baker; all the time with craving of appetite, which from minute to minute became more intolerable.

He was not alone. In the evening everybody

had exhausted the provisions of his house; the bakers, butchers, grocers, and the rest, had finished selling what they had in store, because all traffic was stopped, and no kind of merchandise was renewed.

There was, in fact, a general scarcity in the midst of general wealth.

As the day advanced the starving population became tumultuous. Children, seeing that everything was stranger than ever in the world, cried loudest of all for something to eat.

A vast crowd, of which Anselm formed one, had by this time collected before the town-hall, where a municipal council sat in permanence for many days to carry out the famous partition of property. People cried aloud for bread. The mayor appeared on the steps. He seemed to be much agitated, and, ruddy as he had ever been, he now became crimson.

"Bread, my friends!" said he. "Do you indeed ask for bread? Your magistrates, in carrying out your demands, were not called to concern themselves about such a question, although they themselves would like to have considered it. But how can we get bread and give it away if we no longer work for that purpose? And how is it to be made if bakers will no longer open their shops, and workmen will no longer knead the dough, and millers will no longer work their mills, and if labourers will no longer cultivate their fields? Can we compel all these people to work? Must we set all the police and all our gendarmes on foot to force them to continue their trade? You would not wish this, my friends. You have desired us to decree an equality of property; you would not wish us to abolish liberty! What is to be done? We are all suffering; we all are in want of bread; we are in want of many other things, and shortly we shall be in want of everything—yes, of everything, my friends, for already we are in the greatest confusion. Society is, you know, an immense workshop, a vast machinery. If the wheelwork stops nothing goes on. I advise you then, as we all have need of one another, to go on again without delay with your labours."

The mayor paused and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

Discussion took place immediately on all sides, and at length, in the middle of the crowded assemblage, some workmen and tradesmen, pushing to the front, one of them, making a speech in the name of the rest, said:

"You are quite right, Mr. Mayor; living is no longer possible if each man does not go on with his trade. For ourselves, we very willingly resume ours, but on one condition. If our demand is not granted, our determination is fixed: we will leave the town and carry on our trades elsewhere."

"What is your demand, my friends,—what is your demand?" said the mayor, eagerly, and in great haste. "What must be done in order to prevent the town from being deserted?"

"This is it, Mr. Mayor. We have called for a partition of property; it has been made, and we do not complain about it because it has somewhat enriched us; but we must stop here. If we begin

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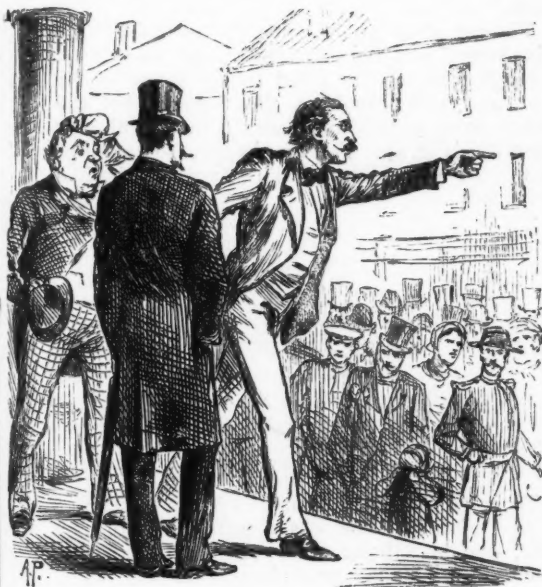


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again to work, of necessity some will gain more than others, because all trades are not equally lucrative, and all workmen are not equally industrious and skilful, and if they claim again the equalisation of positions, we will go and work where we may be sure of keeping what we have earned!"

Some exclamations of disapproval came from a small group that had hitherto kept in the background; and there were seen to advance hastily the most well-known gentlemen of the place—the large tradesmen, the large proprietors, the great bankers of the town, whose property had been divided amongst the public. One of these, the head of a manufactory, came forward with a bound to the steps of the town-hall, and, turning towards the crowd, called out with a powerful voice,

"Ah! you do not want any more sharing of property! Ah! you want to keep what you can gain. Ah! you think it would not be just that, when you have worked hard, instead of enjoying the fruits of your industry, and transmitting it to your children, you should see it taken from you and given to others! And what have you done to us,



A REMONSTRANCE.

if you please? Have we not gained our fortunes by our labour also? Or have we not inherited them from our fathers who gained them for us? And have we not also the right of keeping them? You have enriched yourselves at our expense, and now, honourable people as you are, you want to stop there. You are afraid of the consequences of your own system. Could you endure them all? Equalise! equalise for the sole advantage of the idle and the spendthrifts, who will be benefited by the earnings of the industrious, and will obtain the savings of the economical! This is what has come upon you!"

Then folding his arms and addressing himself

to the mayor: "Yes, Mr. Mayor," said he, "this is what you have done; and you urge your fellow-citizens to take to their work again! As for me I have need of my capital to make my manufactory go on; I have been plundered. My manufactory is closed. You have put an end to my industry."

Poor Mr. Mayor! what inextricable difficulties! First famine, then desertion, afterwards ruin falling upon the fair town! This was the Eldorado into which he had believed that he was about to introduce his fellow-citizens! He seemed bereft of his senses as he stood there beating his breast and tearing his hair. Poor mayor! What was to be done now? How was he to remedy all these evils? He saw only one way of doing it. Although before the sharing of property things were not in a state of perfection, yet they went on much better than they do now. Things must be restored to their former condition. And after all, thought he, is not the wealth of the rich shared quite naturally amongst all classes? Is not all that they spend only money that passes from their pockets into the pockets of other people? And again, are there not generous and benevolent rich people who very well know how to share their goods liberally with the poor? And is it not always permitted that all may contrive to provide for themselves? And is not man to be estimated rather by what he is than by what he possesses?

"Ah! my friends! my friends!" cried the mayor, at length, looking at one and the other of the community, with his hands joined in attitude of earnest appeal, "pray let us put an end to our divisions; let us abandon the destructive ideas of the Parisian socialist, and may Heaven cause that they be not further propagated!"

"A hungry stomach has no ears," says the proverb. On this memorable occasion it was the contrary. They listened to the arguments and supplications of the mayor, because they were famishing, and every one returned to what he was formerly.

And so it came to pass that Anselm found himself again in his little cottage, with his wife and his children, and found his blouse by the side of his bed. He rubbed his eyes and rested a moment to recover himself.

"Well," said he, suddenly, "I think that I have been dreaming!"

"What have you dreamt?" asked his wife, who was already employed in setting the things in order.

"Oh! a wonderful dream, my dear wife," added he, laughing. "It is strange, but I think that I have more good sense when I am asleep than when I am awake."

He then related to her the sayings of the Parisian, and the injurious principles of the days lately gone by, and his own dream in the night.

"Ah! I see plainly that they have spoiled my Anselm," said she. "That cursed thing called envy! Oh! Anselm, where does it stop when it has begun? One man is richer than you, another is more learned, and a third is more fortunate. Can we be all alike? But we are all brethren, nevertheless; we have sufficient comforts and troubles in common to remind us of this,

and we have all the same Father who is in heaven, and the same Saviour!"

The sunshine was entering in streams into the chamber, traversing with bright beams of light the curtain patterned with the graceful plants cultivated and clambering up around the inside of the window, and then glittering on the clean and polished furniture, whilst shedding golden rays on the blonde hair of Anselm's two children, who were happy in their beds. He looked at the bright sun, the beautiful flowers, the little smiling

enclosure, his pretty children, and his good wife. He felt that health and strength were circulating in his limbs, and, humble and contented, he owned that, though limited in his condition, he was at the same time truly rich, and that the best treasures in this world below are not the exclusive privilege of a few, but are within the reach of all that fear God and honour man.*

* From the "Almanach des Bons Conseils." Translated by M. Spencez.

MEDIÆVAL SHOES.



NIGHTLY foot-gear was in harmony with that unwieldy apparatus of Mumbo - Jumboism with which the chivalry of the Middle Ages sought to terrify its enemies. It reached its most frightful forms in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and may be studied to advantage in the paintings of the Florentine — Uccello, whose battlepieces seem rather the contests of

fantastic demons than of human beings.

But before we reach the period when the spirit of strife so possessed men that it displayed itself even to the ends of their toes, we must glance at the earlier history of mediæval shoes.

Among the old shoes disinterred at various times in this country, those which belong to Romano-British or Plantagenet times exhibit a very advanced state of the gentle craft. Thus Fig. 1 in our engraving illustrates a Roman shoe found in a tomb at Southfleet in Kent during the year 1802. It evidently belonged to a person of rank, for it is of purple leather, beautifully reticulated. But others have been found formed out of one piece of untanned leather, and slit in various places, through which a thong was passed, which, being fastened round the ankle, drew them tight like a purse. Shoes thus constructed, Planché says, were worn within recent times in Ireland. The two specimens given, and marked Figs. 2 and 3, are in the Royal Irish Academy, and are described as ancient Irish shoes.

Meyrick says the shoes worn by the original inhabitants of the British Isles were made of raw

cowhide, having the hair turned outwards, and coming up as high as the ankle.

Froissart relates that, in the retreat of the Scotch before the army of Edward III in 1327, "they left behind them more than x.m. (10,000) olde shoos made of rawe lether with the heare styll on them."

Vincent gives an example in his book, "La Chaussure," of a Lombard shoe which was simply a rough piece of skin fitted to the shape of the foot, and kept firm by a thong which left the instep partly naked, and finished by fastening at the ankle (Fig. 4). The Franks are also described as making their shoes of skins on which the hair remained.



Fig. 4.—ANCIENT LOMBARD SHOE.

To judge from these examples it would seem as if the primitive shoe was a mere piece of raw hide, tied by a thong or thongs round the foot. But as skins left raw or undressed become hard, or, if long exposed to moisture, liable to putrefaction, it is clear that, even among the most barbarous tribes, a means would be sought to obviate this difficulty.

Leather we know was in use in very ancient times, for Homer mentions it as covering the combatants, both Greeks and Trojans; and few industries are more cultivated in the most ancient parts of the world than tanning. Huc, in his travels in Central Asia, speaks of finding himself in the *quarter of the Tanners* in a city in Tartary. The Baskirs, a people of Mongolian origin, living not far from the Ural Mountains, and one of the most uncivilised in the Russian empire, have a way of rendering skins proof against putrefaction by smoking them in pits arranged for the purpose.

We have, in fact, a distinct statement by a Roman general (320-390), who wrote the history of his times, that the Huns plunged their hairy legs into funnels of goat's leather (Fig. 5). Cer-



Fig. 5.—SHOE WORN BY THE HUNS.

tain it is that directly the various barbaric invaders of the Roman empire came under the influence of its civilisation their rough foot-gear quickly improved, and, as far as use is concerned, equalled that of any age.

By the time Christianity is seen making conspicuous conquests among the Teutonic invaders, a style of shoe had come to be used which in form was almost the same as our own. Clovis, first Christian King of the Franks, and St. Clotilde, his wife, wore low-cut rather pointed shoes, with a thong put below the ankle.

The Anglo-Saxon shoes resembled those of the Carolingian Franks, only, instead of being cut out square over the instep, they were slit straight down to the toe (Fig. 6). The old German wore an almost identical shoe. The Anglo-Saxon also wore a short boot, and then a sock over his stocking. Such a mode of foot-gear was much affected by the clergy. Sandals being considered the peculiar covering for the feet of saints and other religious persons (Fig. 7), the shoes of the clergy were ornamented by bands crossing them in imitation of the thongs of sandals.

The early Norman shoes were of the simplest form, as may be seen in the Bayeux tapestry. They were of various colours—yellow, blue, green, red—and after the Conquest grew more and more ornamental.

There is a common type in the fashions prevailing over Europe in the Middle Ages. Thus the shoes of the later Carolingians are like the Anglo-Saxon foot-gear, and both have points of resemblance to the German of the same period.

No doubt the thongs we see so neatly tied over the legs of the labourers of the seventh century, given in the beautiful illustrations of Lacroix and Bonnard, were really swathings of hay-bands, or at best some very rough kind of leather. This style of leg-dressing was part of the civil costume of Charlemagne, who is represented in gilt shoes, with his legs encased in blue bands and garters under his knees, studded with precious



Fig. 8.—STYLE OF LEG-DRESSING WORN BY CHARLEMAGNE.

stones (Fig. 8). On state occasions he wore shoes covered with jewels.

The Germans wore a shoe made like that of the Saxons, open over the instep to the toe, and both these peoples, as well as the Franks, ornamented their shoes with studs (Fig. 9).

The soles of mediæval shoes were not unfrequently made of wood, even those belonging to royal personages. When the tomb of Bernard, King of Italy, put to death in 818, was opened, the shoes which covered the feet proved to have wooden soles, although otherwise of refined workmanship. The Gauls are believed to have worn similar shoes, in which the soles were of wood and the uppers of leather. The modern French *galloche*, which may be seen in quantities in the cheap bootshops of Paris, differs but little from the ancient *gallica*.

The shoes of reasonable people in most parts of Christian Europe continued throughout the Middle Ages to be formed to the shape of the foot, and very much of the fashion worn by the same sort of people in the present day (Figs. 10, 11). Thus shoes of Frederick Barbarossa might be those of a country gentleman of our own time.

However, the eleventh century, and still more the latter half of the fourteenth and the greater part of the fifteenth, are distinguished for a form of shoe which is without doubt among the maddest of all the aberrations of fashion.

We hear of it first in connection with the vicious court of William Rufus. Ordericus Vitalis ascribes its origin to a desire on the part of Fulk, Count of Anjou, to hide the great bunions which deformed his feet. He goes on to say that it was introduced into England by a debauched fellow named Robert, who wore his shoes turned up at the toes like ram's horns and filled with tow. Soon the shoemakers were engaged in making these shoes, which received the name of *pigaces*, and ornamentation being more and more introduced, they were made in a very costly fashion.

According to William of Malmesbury, Rufus was fastidious about his boots, and would not wear a pair unless they had cost at least a mark of silver. And one of the accounts represents him the last day of his life as drawing on his boots, doubtless of the ram's horn variety, and jesting with Tyrrel about some arrows a smith had brought him.

Good Bishop Serlo, preaching before Henry I in the village church of Charenton, in Normandy, set forth the sufferings of the people and the violence and the vice of the ruling caste. "These sons of Belial," he said, "dress their hair like women, while they wear things like scorpion's tails at the extremity of their feet, thus exhibiting themselves as women by their effeminacy and serpents by their pointed fangs." However, the "pigaces" kept their ground, for in the reign of Stephen we find them worn by Robert of Chester, as appears from his seal.

In fact the peaked shoe was but an exaggeration of a fashion long prevalent, and in its ordinary form may be seen in Fig. 12, foot of a Crusader In Hefner-Altenneck's great work on German



Fig. 1.—Roman Shoe. Figs. 2 and 3.—Ancient Irish Shoes. Fig. 6.—Saxon Shoe. Fig. 7.—Sandal of Seventh Century. Fig. 9.—Saxon and German. Figs. 10 and 11.—Shapes of Shoes as worn throughout the Middle Ages. Fig. 12.—Crusader's Foot-gear. Fig. 13.—Example of Ornamented Shoe. Figs. 14 and 15.—Knightly Foot-gear of Fifteenth Century. Fig. 16.—Shoe of reign of Edward III. Fig. 17.—A Cracowe. Fig. 18.—Shoe of reign of Richard II. Fig. 19.—Chaussure à Poulaine. Fig. 20.—Broad-toed Shoe. Figs. 21 and 22.—Boots of reign of Edward IV. Fig. 23.—Clog of time of Richard III. Fig. 24.—Peaked Shoe of reign of Richard II. Figs. 25 and 26.—Shoes of time of Henry VIII.

mediæval costume we find the pointed shoe with the peculiar twist on a brass covering the grave of Rudolph of Suabia, dead in 1080, seven years before Rufus became king, and at least twenty before Fulk of Anjou departed this life. It is certain that peaked shoes were used both in Germany and in Italy during the ninth and tenth centuries.

Mediæval shoes, whether pointed or round-toed, were adorned with various kinds of splendid ornamentation (Fig. 13). Thus Heinrich II of Germany (1024) wore shoes gilt, or of gilt thread, with a braiding of red. The effigy of Henry III of England at Westminster is remarkable for the splendour of the shoes. They are crossed at right angles by golden bands all over, each intervening square containing the figure of a lion. When the tomb of Henry VI of Sicily was opened, the corpse was found clad in costly shoes, the upper parts cloth of gold embroidered with

pearls, and the soles being of cork covered with cloth of gold.

In the days of Edward II even ostlers had to be rebuked for luxurious foot-gear. In Wright's political songs we read—

"Now are the horse clower's clothed in pride,
They busk them with buttons as it were a bride
With low-laced shoes of a heifer's hide,
They pick out of their provender all their pride."

Very moderate examples of the knightly foot-gear of the fifteenth century are given in Figs. 14 and 15. Long-peaked boots submitted, like all outward things, to the rise and decline of artistic taste, becoming purer in outline and in design with the dawn of social reform, and returning into diabolical ugliness under Richard II.

In the chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster formerly existed some wall-paintings, in which

the shoes were the finest examples known of the mediæval shoe, and perhaps might compete for beauty of form and the design of the ornament with anything ever turned out by the gentle craft. Fairholt speaks of them as "beyond all Greek, all Roman fame." The ornament on the instep of one of them (Fig. 16) affords an illustration of Chaucer's description of the dress of the young priest Absolon, who had—

"Paule's windows corven on his shoes."

Very soon after Richard II began to reign a very great decline is observable in public taste, exhibiting itself especially in foot-gear, which became monstrous. Snouts of about six inches long stuffed with moss were fastened on to the end of the shoe (Fig. 17). This appendage was called a *cracowe*. The beautiful shoes of the early part of the century had more than ever taken a senseless form. On the feet of three figures in a MS. in the Royal Collection, said to represent the three uncles of Richard II, are shoes that exceed in length all ever before known; in fact, as they protrude from the side of the dress, turning the foot into a sort of viper, they gave their wearers quite a diabolical appearance. Fig. 18 is a mild form of this mode.

In the reaction against loose fashions ensuing on the fall of Richard II, shoes were during the next two reigns reduced to moderate dimensions, but in that of Henry VI they started out again with redoubled vigour. It was about this time that the long-peaked shoe became known in France as the *chaussure à poulaine* (Fig. 19), but whether that name indicates a Polish origin, as is suggested by the English title, *cracowe*, or whether it was given from their resemblance to the prow of a ship, is a moot point.

Charles V of France put the long-toed shoe down, and for a time an extremely square shoe with a rounded toe became the vogue (Fig. 20).

However, the peaked toes asserted themselves again, and in France and Germany men wore points of iron a foot long attached to the toes of their shoes, through which a chain was passed, so that they were held aloft in the air. In England we learn from a contemporary author that men wore shoes and pattens snouted and piked more than a finger long, crooking upwards, resembling

devil's claws, and fastened to the knees with chains of gold and silver. In 1465 "it was proclaimed throughout England that the beakes or pikes of shooes and boots should not pass two inches in length uppon payne of cursing by the clergie and forfeiting 20 shillings."

Mr. C. Roach Smith obtained some remarkable specimens of the long-peaked shoon during some excavations made in Whitefriars, from what must originally have been a hole for throwing rubbish. A specimen is engraved in Fairholt's *Book of Costume*, figure 62. A model may be seen at Cluny, and a fine figure in Hefner-Alteneck. From the latter it appears that it had three or four soles so arranged as to help the curve. One side was split in the style of the half-boots with elastic sides, which were in vogue a few years ago.

In Edward the Fourth's reign long boots appear to have been worn with pointed up-turned toes, and a great collar of lighter leather, like the top-boot of our own age (Fig. 21). In another form the boot opens all the way down and is tied at intervals by strings (Fig. 22).

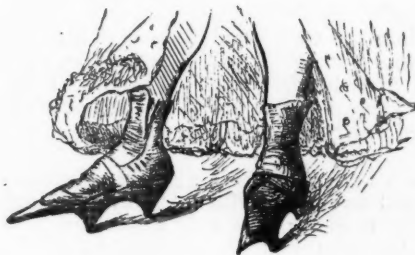
The "peaked shoon" were rendered still more monstrous by the mode introduced about the time of Henry VI of wearing an overshoe or clog with the pike attached to the end. This extraordinary foot-gear necessitated the using a staff if the wearer was weak in the ankles (Fig. 23).

Besides the clog there was an overshoe, which also was piked. It was shaped like a skate, and bound to the foot by an upper piece and a strap and buckle. Richard III wore such an overshoe, but it was evidently only a piece of dandyism, whereas the clog appears to have been intended for out-door use.

In 1383 high-born folly had reached such a length that men of fashion were obliged to tie their serpentine toes to their knees with chains of silver gilt or at least with silk laces (Fig. 24).

The lines of Thomas à Kempis and of Pope Alexander II run side by side during the greater part of the period; Jeanne Darc opens it, and with Cæsar Borgia it closes. Clearly the triumph is with the devil, and jest as we may about the cloven foot, it is a striking fact that this should be the form of foot-gear to which the fashion of the fifteenth century condemned its kings and highest nobles.

R. HEATH.



AMONG THE ENTOMOLOGISTS.

MR. ARMYTAGE'S well-known Academy picture introduces us to a famous London resort of the entomological world. Here is a noted public sale-room, which can hardly be any other than the now historical "Stevens's" of Covent Garden. We are among the cabinets, drawers, and boxes which have brought together rich amateur collectors, professional dealers, and perhaps one or two members of the Linnean or some other learned society. Sale-day is just over, and the visitors are inspecting the rarities or "uniques" in the form of butterflies or beetles from the Eastern Archipelago or the scarcely inferior collecting grounds of South America. A peer of the realm, well known for his splendid "life-history" collections, in which each cabinet is devoted to the egg, larva, perfect insect, and food-plant of a particular butterfly, may be among the company. Perhaps a travelling collector, sent out to the Andes or the Amazons by a firm of dealers, has just sent home his first consignment, amongst which are hundreds of new species. Perhaps, again, the private collection which a wealthy amateur has got together during fifty years of careful purchase, exchange, or capture, has at length come to the hammer, for "Stevens's" is the goal, at some time or other, of nearly all entomological collections. Rare and interesting captures in all parts of the world find their way here for distribution into private hands or to the national collections, or to the museums of the largest provincial towns.

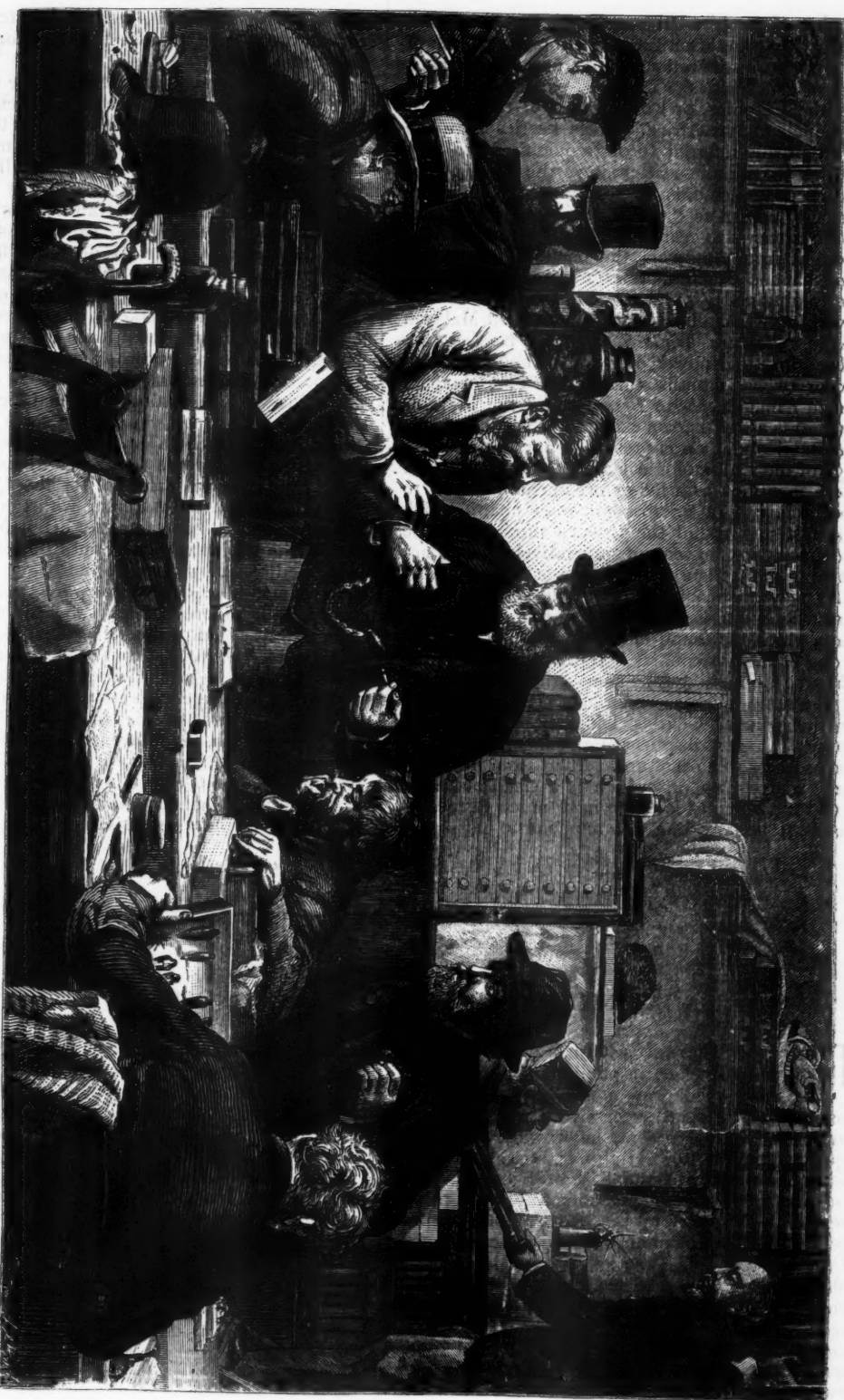
A single beetle or butterfly may not have a high commercial value in the eyes of ordinary people; entomologists, however, are of a different opinion, and the prices they are content to give for an individual specimen would astonish the uninitiated. Dealers still look back with admiration on the palmy days when £20 was given at the British Museum for a single beetle (a "unique"); but that was in the olden time, before Dr. Gray, and when Mr. Children was in authority, and foreign collecting grounds were less accessible than now. Even to-day such liberal purchasers as the late Governor of the Dutch East Indies, and a well-known printer and naturalist at Rennes, give prices almost as startling. In England, however, there is a regular steady demand at notable though somewhat lower prices.

We have spoken of "Stevens's" as the dépôt to which newly-made collections are transferred from abroad, and from which they are distributed by public sale into private and other hands. The annals of some of our greatest British naturalists of late years are thus connected with "Stevens's." Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, whose work as a naturalist and a writer is so well known, has perhaps been one of the largest and most successful of collectors. There is before us as we write a specimen of the beautiful Amboyna butterfly, named by him after Sir James Brooke, *Ornithoptera Brookeana*, for which £5 was paid by the

present possessor. The creature was then a greater rarity than it is now. Having the habit (like our own British "Purple Emperor") of frequenting the tops of lofty trees, it was not easily captured; indeed, so difficult was it to obtain, that Mr. Wallace was obliged to bring down his first specimen with a gun. Five examples of this beautiful "bird-winged" butterfly may be seen in the Hewitson Collection in the British Museum. All Mr. Wallace's captures in the Malay Archipelago—and they were represented in numbers and novelty—passed through Mr. Stevens's agency. There is a family of beetles known as Longicorns, or "long-horns," owing to the length of their antennæ. Of this single family Mr. Wallace brought home as many as 900 new species. These "long-horns" are now in the possession of a well-known zoologist, who considered £200 not too high a price for them. They have been described by Mr. Francis P. Pascoe under the heading *Longicornia Malayana* in the Transactions of the Entomological Society. Twenty or thirty years ago many of Mr. Wallace's beetles fetched £5 or more at "Stevens's," so novel were they. Indeed the islands of the Malay Archipelago at this period were so little known as a happy hunting-ground for the entomologist that ninety-nine per cent. of the captures were found to be new species. Thanks to the liberality of that well-known enthusiastic entomologist, Mr. Wilson Saunders, chairman at Lloyd's, the novelties were always sure of a safe market.

Another traveller, whose captures have delighted many a crowd at "Stevens's," is Mr. H. Bates, the author of the "Naturalist on the Amazons." South America is specially rich in butterflies, as many as seven hundred distinct species being found in the neighbourhood of Para alone. All Mr. Bates's admirable collections, including the interesting "mimicking" butterflies about which he has given such singular details, went through the agency. So also did Mr. F. Bates's collection which was bought by the authorities of the British Museum for £600.

Readers of Mr. Wendell Holmes's "Poet of the Breakfast Table" will remember the zealous young entomologist who figures therein under the appellation of the "Scarabee;" they will recollect that the Scarabee is much exercised by the problem whether "*Pediculus Melittæ* is or is not the larva of a *Meloe*." The question, we believe, remained an open one to the end of the famous Breakfast Table Conferences; but on one point the Scarabee saw his way to a definite conviction. He firmly maintained the superiority of beetles to butterflies as objects of scientific interest. "Give me the Coleoptera!" he is reported to have said; "why the kings of the Insecta are the beetles! Butterflies and dragon-flies for little folks! Beetles for men, sir!" There can be no doubt that this verdict is also the verdict of scientific naturalists generally, although owing to the



By permission of the Artist, E. Armitage, R.A.]

AFTER AN ENTOMOLOGICAL SALE.

[From the Picture exhibited in the Royal Academy.

number of wealthy but unscientific amateurs who desire to form beautiful collections, the price of rare butterflies is well sustained, and fully reaches that of rare beetles. The most expensive beetles are the Cetonias, or Rose-beetles, of the Eastern Archipelago and Africa. These beetles have the habit already referred to of frequenting the tops of high trees, and so keep above the range of the ordinary implements of capture. What were formerly known as "uniques" are now less rare. Some twenty-five years since Madame Ida Pfeiffer brought from Amboyna the beetle known as the long-handed *Euchirus* (*Euchirus longimanus*) and easily obtained £5 for it. The same price was given for Mr. Wallace's curiously marked Malayan beetle, *Batocera Wallacei*. Some beetles are valued for their power of living without food for six or twelve months together. The Mexican beetle named *Zopherus Bremeri* (after the Marquis Brème) is a well-known example. Not long since an American lady was present at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society wearing one of these creatures as a living ornament attached to her brooch by a microscopic gold chain, which was fastened round the insect's thorax. These specimens are, however, comparatively cheap, not fetching more than half-a-guinea at Stevens's.

As may be imagined, British insects, even the rarest, fetch far less money than the prize specimens which are found in the tropics. The rarest is one of the fen-country butterflies, known as the "Scarce Copper." Like some other forms of life in the same locality, which have been celebrated by the pen of Charles Kingsley, the "Scarce Copper" is fast disappearing, concurrently with the progress of agriculture. Apart from its rarity, the "Scarce Copper," which is a small butterfly, would not be considered to have much to recommend it; yet any one who happens to possess a

good British specimen, well authenticated, may reckon on getting a modest guinea for it at the sale-room.

Our entomologists at Stevens's are of at least three classes. They may be merely men who have their hobbies, and are willing to pay for them; they may be serious men of science; or they may be simply dealers. Most likely you will find all three well represented on any sale-day. In any case, their pursuits involve mercantile transactions which not seldom require considerable capital. As in botany so in entomology, a firm of dealers will send out collectors to the Andes or the Himalayas at a salary of £300 or £400 a year, to obtain new specimens for the market. The mission is, of course, a risky one, for it leads the traveller into strange climates and unwholesome sites. Within the present generation some valuable lives have been lost in penetrating into malarious regions in search of prizes. Some time since the papers recorded the death of Mr. Foxcroft, whose English gatherings of moths and butterflies were so regularly taken to Balmoral for the Queen's inspection, and who lost his life whilst collecting at Sierra Leone. The same fate befell Mr. Forbes, son of the chairman of the South Eastern Railway, who died of yellow fever up the Niger. Happily, these lamentable occurrences are the exception, and it is far more common to hear of journeys successfully accomplished, like that over which the *habitués* of "Stevens's" are even now rejoicing—the return of a young English collector from Panama with large collections of all orders, and 2,000 entirely new species of moths. Those who have seen such magnificent collections as Mr. Horniman's, at Norwood, or Messrs. Godwin and Salvin's, Chandos Street, will not wonder at the fascinations of butterfly-collecting or the mercantile functions of "Stevens's."

H. W.

SONNETS BY THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

THE present Lord Rosslyn has not held a very prominent place in public life, although he has occupied some posts with dignity and honour. For several successive years, under the Conservative Government, he was her Majesty's representative as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. He was sent as special ambassador to Madrid to represent this country on the occasion of the marriage of the king, Alphonso XII, to his cousin, the Doña Mercedes de Bourbon. In a less public sphere his name has been familiar to many as a keen sportsman and as a diligent and successful breeder both of agricultural and sporting stock. Lord Rosslyn's Alderneys, his setters, and more recently his horses, have had a reputation of which any breeder might be proud. But few have known of the literary taste and cultured genius of which

a recently published volume of sonnets gives proof. The tone which pervades the book makes one understand how the writer is esteemed and loved by those who know him best, and the poetry has merit to justify his being enrolled in the catalogue of noble authors.*

Out of nearly a hundred and twenty sonnets we select a few, not as being the best, but because the subjects are of special interest.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

Weird thinker-out of thoughts beyond the ken
Of common mortals, rugged though sublime;
Probing the inmost depths of farthest time
Audacious,—wielding thy inscrutable pen
Like flashing falchion, dazzling thoughtless men

* "Sonnets by the Earl of Rosslyn." (Blackwood and Sons.)

By thy thoughts' force, compressed in strange-wrought rhyme.

Few feet can follow where thou lov'st to climb,
To eagle's eyrie or to lion's den !
Oh ! Master (not unaided in thy song
By her who sleepeth now near Arno's wave,
Worthy to help thee, or with thee to write),
Deign to instruct us weaker ones, who long
To rest their wavering thoughts—not wholly brave—
Where through the obscure there shines more perfect light.

OLD AGE.

There is a beauty Youth can never know,
With all the lusty radiance of his prime,
A beauty the sole heritage of time,
That gilds the fabric with a sunset glow,
And glorifies the work it soon lays low !
There is a charm in Age, wellnigh sublime,
That lends new lustre to the poet's rhyme,
As mountain-peaks are grander crowned with snow.
How gay the laugh of Youth ! but, oh ! how brave
The stately weakness of a reverend Age !
Be ours the task to solace and to cheer,
To fondly guide its footsteps to the grave,
To print a blessing on the final page,
And cherish memories for ever dear !

The sonnets relating to home life are among the sweetest in strain, and express great tenderness of domestic affection.

BEDTIME.

'Tis bedtime ; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night,"
"God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all,"
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall !
What will you give me, Sleepy one, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right ?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm
She nestled to me, and by Love's command
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's Kiss."

Here is one of a series inscribed

TO MY WIFE.

You bid me write a sonnet to the year
Whose dying moments tremble in the grasp
Of Time's relentless hand, whose final gasp—
Feeble and faint—comes nearer, and more near.
Dearest, thy loving hand dries every tear ;
And every moment, fleeting but too fast,
Speaking so solemnly of the changeless past,
But tells me truly that you grow more dear.
The gentle guidance of a Heavenly grace,
Thy guileless sympathy for other's woe,
Sustain thee in thy trials from above,
Lend a new charm to thy endearing face ;
And if thou needest comfort from below,
Oh, seek it always in thy husband's love.

Dec. 3.

Four of the sonnets refer to the sad and early

end of the Spanish marriage, which was one of pure love, giving promise of domestic life such as the annals of Spain at least seldom have witnessed in her rulers. The marriage was on January 23rd, 1878, and the young bride died on June 26th of the same year. A letter to Lord Rosslyn from the king, signed "Votre affligé Alphonse," testified alike to the passionate depth of his love and the intensity of his sorrow. "For me there is no consolation," said the king to one who sought to console him in his grief, "but I will do my duty." How nobly he has acted on various trying occasions all Europe knows. The parting scene is thus described:—

Mercedes mia ! turn thine eyes away,
I have no power to grant their longing prayer,
Their mute appeal is more than I can bear.
Could I but snatch thee from Death's cruel sway
God knows how gladly I would give this day
My life for thine. For whom have I to care
When thou art gone? The darkness of despair
Clouds all my heart with terror and dismay.
Mercedes mia ! I am brave once more !
My eyes will weep no more until the end,
But steadfastly, beloved, gaze in thine
Till Death arrest their sight. What ! is all o'er ?
Then farewell Hope ! and farewell truest Friend !
Now Duty's rugged path be only mine !

Some of the sonnets touch higher chords, and express devout thoughts on themes of natural and revealed religion.

LAUTERBRUNNEN.

O God ! Thy gracious works are manifest
In Desert and in City ; Plain and Hill
Alike declare Thy omnipresent skill ;
Yet here, if anywhere, they seem the best ;
These giant mountains, at their base caressed
By tender turf and gently rippling rill ;
The rose-hued snow, sunlit, or at Thy will
Storm-blackened, veiling their untrodden crest ;
The feathery pines that point to Thee, the spray
That kisses the gaunt rock from yonder fall,
The resonant bells attuned by browsing kine,
The fair-haired children by the grassy way,
The sturdy mountaineer's re-echoing call—
Thou seest all are good, and all are Thine.

CALVARY.

The mocking gibe ! the cruel taunt ! if heard,
Unanswered by the lips now sealed in death ;
The last sigh breathed in love ; the parting breath
A prayer for pardon for that bitter word.
"He saved others !" as the parent bird
Gives her own life to save the young beneath
Her loving wing ; He died,—the immortal wreath
For others wreathed, by suffering undeterred.
"Himself He cannot save !" Omnipotent,
He would not use this power—the angel's sword—
That could have saved the Saviour, at the cost
Of man's redemption, and His mission spent
In vain ! Thou Son of Man ! Divinest Lord !
What had we sinners been—Thou saved, we lost ?

Lord Rosslyn's mother, one of the Wemyss family, was a woman of remarkable character and with literary genius and culture. She wrote on forestry, farriery, and on cookery. "Lady Harriette St. Clair's Dainty Dishes" was her collection. She made a translation of the book of Job from the original, with a commentary. She was a woman of highly cultivated mind, living at times in much seclusion, but who could entertain company with

singular grace and with a lively appreciation of character; and she was a wonderful letter-writer, when letters were letters. It would require a Dean Ramsay to describe her well. Those who knew her say that Lord Rosslyn is like her both in face and character. His book of sonnets reveals a depth of feeling and range of thought little suspected by those who have only met him in society.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE:

THEIR INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, THEIR VIRTUES AND THEIR VICES.

BY PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S., ETC., ETC.

I.—INQUIRY ON THE ECONOMIC AND MORAL PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

THE commencement of a year, a decennium, or a century, offers a fit opportunity for reflecting on the past, considering the present, and throwing a longing glance on the future. Year by year the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech, reviews the economic progress of the nation. Every ten years the Census brings into bold relief the number, sex, age, and occupation of the people; and who can see a quarter of a century or a jubilee come and go without meditating on past events and speculating on what is before us? And so it becomes us to ask whether or not the people of these realms are making satisfactory progress; whether their physical, social, moral, and religious condition is becoming better or worse; whether the masses of the people in our country districts and in our great centres of population are in the enjoyment of more or less of the comforts of life; whether they are advancing in intelligence and culture; whether their homes are purer and cleaner, their manners more refined, their morals higher, and their character firmer and nobler—whether, in short, the many instruments at work for the elevation of the people are producing their wonted effect. We must not expect the golden fruit of a thorough renovation of society to ripen too suddenly. Alas! however, if there should be signs of inherent degeneracy.

There is, indeed, a special reason for the inquiry I am about to institute on the present condition of the British people from the fact that bitter complaints are being made of the wretched state of the poor in certain quarters of the metropolis, a large number of the people being represented as living, not in decent houses, but in positive rookeries, as having fallen into a state of heart-rending poverty, as being sunk to morals excessively low, as being strangers to all sense of religion, and as having ceased to frequent any place of public worship. Nor are such complaints limited to the metropolis. In all our large towns great numbers are said to be habitual drunkards, the demon vice drunkenness eating up all their

substance. Have we all hitherto been only dreaming of increasing wealth and comfort, honour and virtue, and do we now awaken to the stern realities of misery and want, of vice and passion? Or may we comfort ourselves in believing that the outcry only reflects the keener interest felt on behalf of the waifs and strays of society? But supposing the pictures of wretchedness and degradation presented to us should be actually true, may we not trust that the eye of the observer was directed to the comparatively few living in certain nooks and corners of the land, and those some of the worst specimens of human degradation? I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist; I do not wish either to detract from or to flatter, nor are my habits of thought much affected by sentiment. Constant dealing with statistics and jurisprudence is likely to sober one's judgment, but it may be well to take an unimpassioned survey of facts, sure to lead to sound and reliable inductions.

II.—MATERIALS AVAILABLE.

I wish we could get a true portraiture of the British people, not of this or of that class, not of the rich or of the poor only, but of the whole. The Anthropometric Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, of which I was a member, laboured for many years to obtain the physical characteristics of the different races inhabiting the British Isles with but limited success. How can we get at their social and moral qualities? Every State is a world in miniature; every individual is a fortified castle. Who can enter within its ramparts? Nevertheless, there are methods whereby we may arrive at considerable knowledge regarding large multitudes. By the Customs, Excise, and Board of Trade returns we know what the people eat and drink. The Committee of Council on Education tell us how many children are at school, and how much are the school fees. The Income-tax returns supply the number of persons and the amount of property and income assessed to the tax. We know what wages are paid in the principal industries, and the

numbers so employed. The Joint-Stock Banks returns give the amount of deposits in their hands. The Trustee and Post Office Savings Banks furnish the number of depositors and the amount saved by the lower middle and labouring classes. The returns from our Building and Friendly societies show what our workmen are doing to provide for themselves the luxury of having a house of their own, to meet the dire effect of disease, and to secure at last a decent burial. The Judicial Statistics give us the number of persons committed for crimes and offences in the year, the number of the dangerous classes, and the population of our prisons. Compare these various items with the number of persons living in any locality or following any distinct profession, and we arrive at pretty accurate information regarding all persons thereby embraced.

III.—THE VALUE OF AVERAGES.

True, indeed, what is the case regarding all collectively may not apply to any one individually. An average is the medium often of a large number of phenomena. The average temperature of any country takes into account the extreme temperature of both winter and summer. The average wages of the working people in a factory must include the highest as well as the lowest wages. In all cases it is an arithmetical abstraction in which no one may recognise his own case. Yet it has its value; and if we compare the average wages in the same factory at different intervals, the difference will give us the percentage rise or fall in the wages of all the operatives within the same. The fault of averages, perhaps, is that they take into account extreme cases, which are the exception rather than the rule. If we wish to ascertain the average stature of the English people it may not seem of much use to include in the calculation the case of an exceptional giant or dwarf. If we wish to know the average weather in England it may appear useless to mark the isolated days when we may suffer from fever heat, or when the thermometer should happen to be below zero. Lop off these extremes, it is said, and you arrive at the real mean of the largest number of phenomena. But the answer to this is, that if the extreme cases are not sufficiently numerous they will not influence materially the general result, and if they are, they should be included as an essential part of the phenomena under inquiry. Whilst in all cases any arbitrary omission of this or that element may destroy the completeness and mar the reliability of the conclusions.

IV.—RACES AND NATIONALITIES OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

When speaking of the British people we must not forget that this is a generic name, including English and Welsh, Scotch and Irish, each in many ways a distinct people; peculiarity of race, blended by national characteristics, greatly influencing their conduct as citizens as well as their habits and manners as members of society. The steady, phlegmatic Saxon stands often in strong

contrast with the impetuous and irritable Celt. Within Great Britain at this moment traces are visible of the early British in Cardiganshire, Radnorshire, and Brecknockshire; of the Saxon in Sussex, Berkshire, and Oxfordshire; of the Anglian in the Lothians, Northumberland, and Norfolk; of the Scandinavian in Shetland, Caithness, North and East Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire. The North and East of Ireland, with a large mixture of Scotch and English blood, differ materially from the South and West of Ireland, where the Celtic race is more distinct. And we must carry these distinctions with us all along our inquiry into their social economics, for they manifest themselves in every way as regards frugality or waste, virtue and vice. Within the last sixty years the population of Great Britain has more than doubled, but the population of Ireland has actually diminished.

V.—CLASSIFICATION OF THE PEOPLE.

In common parlance, the population of the United Kingdom, thirty-five millions in number, is divided into the higher, middle, and lower classes. Geographically, and in relation to occupation, the people belong either to country or town. In relation to income we have the labourer and the artisan, in the receipt of from fifteen to forty shillings a week wages; the lower professional classes and the shopkeeper, with incomes of under £150 a year; the middle classes, with incomes from £150 to £1,000 a year; the higher middle, with incomes from £1,000 to £3,000; and the higher classes, with incomes of £3,000 a year and upwards. The census divides the population, as regards occupations, into six classes—viz., the professional, the domestic, the commercial, the agricultural, the industrial, and the indefinite or non-productive, distinguishing among these those engaged in the general or local government of the country, as the Ministers of the Crown and the civil servants; the professional classes including clergymen and priests, barristers and solicitors, physicians and surgeons, schoolmasters and professors, painters, architects, and musicians; the industrial classes including printers and engravers, engineers, machinists, cutlers, and watchmakers, and those working in wool, silk, hemp, cotton, flax, etc. Now, every one of these occupations attracts a distinct body of persons, who live, in a manner, under a special atmosphere, with much indeed in common with the great community, yet with sufficient elements proper to each to admit and require a special study. What a panorama of living agents does a census afford! Every one of us, from the Queen on the throne to the humblest of her subjects, is there seen to have a place to fill and a work to do. Some are labouring in directing and administering the affairs of the State. Some are engaged in extracting the fruit of the soil, or in appropriating, adapting, converting, shaping matter to our convenience. Many are fulfilling various offices for man—curing disease, teaching youth, preserving peace, defending rights, punishing wrongs, and in a thousand

ways upholding the great structure of human society. Strictly speaking, not all may be producers of wealth, all labour being, economically speaking, unproductive which ends in immediate enjoyment, without tending to any increase of permanent stock, or not having for its result a material product. Yet we can scarcely say that no labour is valuable which is not immediately employed in the production of material riches. The genius which enlightens, the religion which comforts, the justice which preserves, the science and art which improve and charm our existence, are indirectly, if not in a direct manner, as truly productive as commerce, agriculture, or manufacture. Few, indeed, who truly fulfil the mission to which they are called, who labour in the sphere and condition in which they are placed, and who exercise the faculties and talents with which they are endowed, can be said to be unproductive in this great laboratory. The whole nation is practically working together as a great co-operative society, under the very best division of labour, all the more perfect since it is natural and spontaneous.

VI.—POPULATION AND SPACE. DENSITY OF THE PEOPLE.

The British people live within very circumscribed limits. There is a greater Britain beyond the Atlantic, in Canada as far as the Rocky Mountains; at the Antipodes, in Australia and New Zealand; in Africa, along the coast of the once formidable Cape of Storms; but the home of the British people is these narrow islands. The very idea of a State implies limitation of boundaries, often the elaboration of international treaties. So far as England is concerned, nature has done it with uncancellable lines, and it is not possible to stretch the limits an inch beyond. Would that the whole of these islands were all equally favourable for existence with anything like comfort; for large portions of Scotland are rocky and sterile, a good portion of Ireland is boggy, whilst England herself has her own climatical and geological difficulties. Yet within these isles there is an enormous and fast increasing population. In England and Wales, in 1801, there were about twenty-four persons for every hundred acres. In 1841 the proportion was forty-three, and in 1881 the number had risen to seventy persons to every hundred acres. What does this mean? It means that there is a closer and closer proximity between person and person, that the area which divides us one from another is becoming narrower and narrower, and that with this greater proximity and density of population the atmosphere is sure to become more and more deleterious. In truth, if it were not for the constant effort, often at an enormous expense, to counteract the effect of such density, the result would be an increasing rate of mortality. But matters are still worse from the fact that the people are not fairly distributed over the islands. By an irresistible impulse of attractiveness and want the people usually flock to the large towns, and whilst London, Liverpool, Man-

chester, and Glasgow are overcrowded, the agricultural districts are denuded of their population. Year by year, moreover, as agricultural economics are improving, fewer labourers are wanted to work the land. Turned out from the rural, the surplus population run to the manufacturing districts. But there, too, as machinery is being perfected, women and children are able to do what men were doing, and as workpeople find that the supply of labour is greater than the demand, off they go to Liverpool, and thence, by the natural process of the survival of the fittest, the strongest go to the United States, Canada, and Australia, and the weakest become an incubus on the parish.

To exhibit at a glance what overcrowding means, here is a diagram showing the number of persons per inhabited house in the principal Parliamentary boroughs of England and Wales and in some of the principal parishes and townships of the metropolis. The average number of persons per inhabited house in England and Wales in 1881 was 5·37, against 5·33 in 1871. But the number of persons per inhabited house ranged from 4·47 in Norwich, to 11·09 in Devonport, and from 5·72 in Croydon, to 13·14 in St. Anne, Soho, in the metropolis, to say nothing of the number of families or occupiers in each dwelling-house, which practically turn every private dwelling into a common habitation, where all sentiment of privacy and of family concentration is effectively destroyed.

VII.—EARLY MARRIAGES.

In so far as the great rate of increase in the population arises from a high birth* rate and a diminishing death rate, both an evidence of increasing vigour among the people, it is doubtless a source of satisfaction. What we have to lament is the large proportion of premature marriages,† principally among the illiterate and improvident classes. In matters of marriage the Scotch, and even the Irish, have a lesson to give to the English, for they marry later in life. Great are the responsibilities connected with marriage. Unfortunately, thoughtless young men and women little realise what they do when they enter into the state of wedlock. They do not think that the proportion of children to a marriage to a great extent depends on the age at which marriage is contracted; and they do not reflect that they cannot hope to fulfil the duties of parents with comfort to themselves unless they have a fair prospect of sufficient in-

* The number of births in England and Wales, in 1880, was at the rate of 34·2 per 1,000 living. The death rate was 20·5 per 1,000 living.

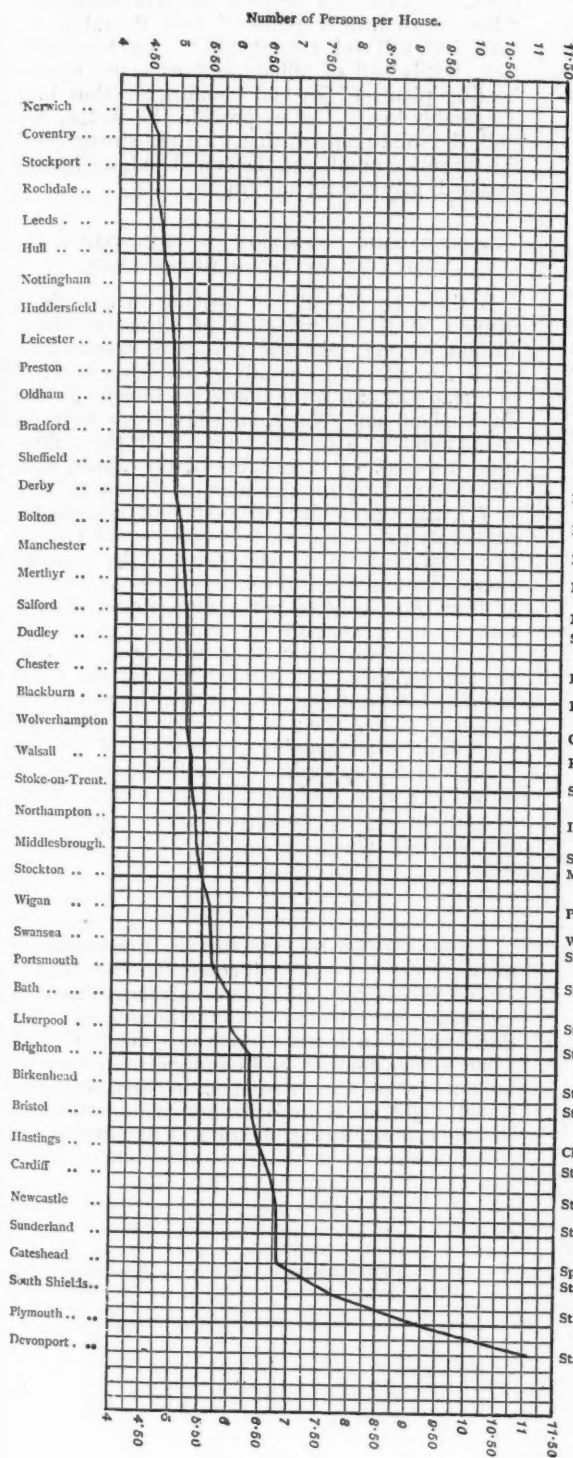
† The relative ages at marriage in England and Scotland were as follows:—

Ages.	England.		Scotland.		Ireland.	
	Per 100 married.	Bachelors and Spinsters.	Per 100 married.	Bachelors and Spinsters.	Per 100 married.	Bachelors and Spinsters.
Men.	Men.	Women.	Men.	Women.	Men.	Women.
Under 21	10	28	8	22	7	28
21 and under 25 ..	49	46	34	37	31	43
25 and upwards ..	41	26	58	41	62	29
	100	100	100	100	100	100

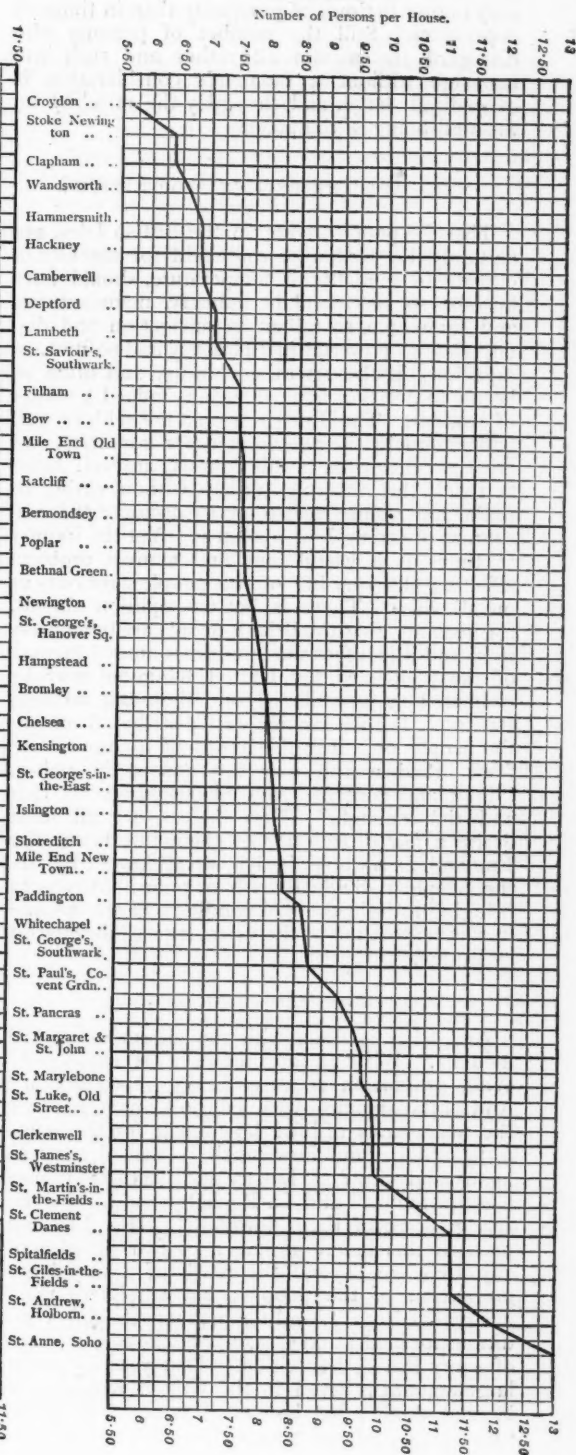
NU
PR

Norwich
Coventry
Stockport
Rochdale
Leeds
Hull
Nottingham
Huddersfield
Leicester
Preston
Oldham
Bradford
Sheffield
Derby
Bolton
Manchester
Merrill
Salford
Dudley
Chester
Blackburn
Wolverhampton
Walsall
Stoke-on-Trent
Northampton
Middlesbrough
Stockton
Wigan
Swansea
Portsmouth
Bath
Liverpool
Brighton
Birkenhead
Bristol
Hastings
Cardiff
Newcastle
Sunderland
Gateshead
South Shields
Plymouth
Devonport

NUMBER OF PERSONS PER INHABITED HOUSE IN THE PRINCIPAL PARLIAMENTARY BOROUGHES IN ENGLAND.



NUMBER OF PERSONS PER INHABITED HOUSE IN THE PRINCIPAL CIVIL PARISHES OR TOWNSHIPS OF THE METROPOLIS.



come to meet the expenditure connected with the upbringing of their children. That a great number of persons do recognise this wholesome maxim of circumspection in marrying is evident from the fact that the total number of marriages is generally higher in times of prosperity than in times of depression. Still the number of persons who disregard the maxim altogether and rush into marriage without a moment's consideration is exceedingly large, and they play the mischief on the well-being of the people.

VIII.—ARE THE BRITISH PEOPLE RICH?

That the people living in the British Isles, not certainly the garden of the world for amenity of climate or geniality of temperature, should have become so successful in industry, manufactures, and commerce, so valiant in navigation and discoveries, so powerful in diplomacy and politics, so sagacious in the art of governing, and often so heroic in deeds of benevolence, is indeed a matter of wonder. The British people are seldom well understood by the people of other countries, and most persons, even in this country, are well satisfied with the glittering surface, without caring to probe any wound within or to discover the real sources of strength or weakness. Yet the inquiry at times is a useful one, and many a problem affecting the very life of the people confronts us on all sides. There is but one opinion abroad, for instance, that the British people are immensely rich, and it is a fact that the gross annual income of the people of the United Kingdom may be estimated at upwards of one thousand millions sterling. Is such income well distributed among the people, or is it in the hands of a comparative few? Real wealth may not consist in riches. "Poor and content," says Shakespeare, "is rich and rich enough." Nevertheless, we all must desire a fair distribution of the comforts of life. England, as a whole, is rich, we all know; but are the people individually rich or poor? Any facts bringing to light the real condition of the people in this respect are of the greatest possible interest and value.

IX.—USES OF RICHES.

And what is done with the enormous annual income? What proportion of it is expended? What proportion is set aside for reproduction? And of the amount expended, how much goes for the necessities of life? how much for the comforts of life? and how much is wasted away in luxury and vice? "Luxury and excessive refinement in States," said La Rochefoucauld, "are the sure presage of their downfall." Has England reached this luxurious state? I fear luxuries of any kind are beyond the reach of a very large proportion of the people; but surely we must desire that frugality and temperance, the only conditions for health and ease, may be the corner-stone of every British household. That year by year a large amount is saved in the United Kingdom is beyond doubt; but how much is saved it is not easy to say, and still more difficult it is to find out

how many persons do save—how many manage to lay by a penny for the rainy day. In too many cases wealth seems like a garden without a wall, whence the very subsoil is falling away, or like a laden vessel the rich cargo of which is leaking out. "Beware of little expenses," said Franklin, "a small leak will sink a great ship." And how much rich, fertile soil of affluence, how many flower-bearing plants of joy and comfort, are thus lost, irreparably lost! Let us provide the hedge, the wall, the solid rampart, that what the strong arms, the inventive mind, and the sound judgment have amassed, may remain and fructify.

X.—ECONOMIC CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE AS INDICATED BY THEIR HOUSE RENT

If there be difficulty in arriving in any direct manner at the distribution of riches in Great Britain, we may take the rentals of houses as a guide, for, after all, generally speaking, the best test of a man's income is the house in which he dwells. In England and Wales, in 1881, there were, in round numbers, 4,500,000 houses.* Of these, fifty-nine per cent., or three-fifths of the whole, were rented at under £10 per annum, giving an average of £7, and representing a weekly rent of about 3s., or twenty-five per cent. less than would pay for two rooms in town, or four rooms in the country; twenty-five and a half per cent. were houses rented at from £10 to £20 per annum, representing a rent of 6s. a week on an average; eleven per cent. houses were rented at from £20 to £50 per annum, these being the houses of the lower middle classes; three per cent. were houses rented at from £50 to £100; and only one and a half per cent. of the whole number were rented at £100 rent per annum and upwards, 617 dwelling-houses being rented at £1,000 and upwards per annum. What proportion do these rentals bear to the incomes of the different classes of society we shall see by-and-by.

XI.—HOUSE AND HOME.

Meanwhile let me say that in the economic management of a limited income, the first thought should be an airy, wholesome, cheerful house, a real home for every inmate of the household. But there may be a house without a home. A house where father, mother, and children, some even of tender age, are absent from six in the morning to six at night, as is the case with factory workers in the manufacturing districts, can scarcely be called a home. A suburban villa, where father

* The number and rentals of dwelling-houses in Great Britain, in 1881, were as follows:—

Rental.	Numbers.		Per cent.	Numbers.		Per cent.
	England & Wales.	Scotland.		England & Wales.	Scotland.	
Under £10	2,628,162	495,953	58.8	2,628,162	495,953	74.0
£10 ..	721,170	69,553	16.1	721,170	69,553	10.5
15 ..	418,003	42,439	9.3	418,003	42,439	6.3
20 ..	251,785	22,486	5.6	251,785	22,486	3.4
30 ..	242,050	21,067	5.4	242,050	21,067	3.1
50 ..	140,956	13,722	3.1	140,956	13,722	2.0
100 and upwards	66,637	5,165	1.7	66,637	5,165	0.7
Total ..	4,468,763	670,385	100.0	4,468,763	670,385	100.0

and brothers leave early in the morning, not to return till late at night, worn and jaded from business, wife and children being left to themselves all the day long, is not a home. Alas! for that household where the wife or the mother relegates the duties of superintendence to servants or lady companions, and gives herself to society and political questions. In all cases among the labouring classes, where mothers neglect the nursing of their children, there must of necessity result either a frightful mortality of the children or a grievous deterioration of the race, to say nothing of the total absence of moral education. Fancy a family—father, mother, and children—meeting together in a winter evening, more as strangers than as members of a common household, it may be in the only room they possess, empty and cheerless, the fire out, the food not ready, and dirt triumphant. What can we expect but that some of its members, disgusted, take refuge at the nearest public-house? Let me not leave, however, a false impression on this important subject. Allow that there are a few houses which are not homes, what are they to the great multitudes which are homes in the best sense of the word, homes where love dwells, where the affections twine many hearts into one, and where the sweetest pleasures of life are daily enjoyed?

XII.—VAST FIELD OPEN FOR MORAL AND SOCIAL REFORM.

The subject on which I am about to enter is a serious one. In its scientific aspects I brought it before the British Association for the Advancement of Science and the Statistical Society for several years in a series of papers on "The Distribution of Wealth in Relation to the Earnings of the Labouring Classes," on "The Appropriation of Wages and other Sources of Income," and on "The State of Crime." But the questions therein treated have a direct popular bearing, and I venture on an effort to popularise them in the pages of the "Leisure Hour." What I have to say now in the way of a preface shall be in the words I used in the last of these papers: "Large is the field open for the moral and social reformer. In the improvement of the homes of the people; in the promotion of health and comfort, and of education, temperance, and self-control among the masses; in the advancement of measures calculated to further solid progress, much effort is needed, much perseverance, much faith. Happily, large as is the field of labour, many are the labourers, who, by means both of repression and prevention, are seeking to remove any clouds which may obscure our moral horizon, and we need not fear but that their labour will be crowned with success."

ROSE DORMER.

IT was a gay October morning. There were still long swathes of mist in the valleys, but the sunshine was warm and bright on the manor-house terrace, where Mr. Erasmus Scott was pacing up and down with an open book in his hand. The frost had not yet bitten the dahlias or the heliotrope, and the warm touches of sunlight were drawing out the penetrating scent of the mignonette which filled every nook and crevice in the beds and borders. From the lawn you could look away into a very soft blue distance, where beech woods and a gentle line of hills seemed to melt into the sky.

Mr. Erasmus Scott was a little man, with thin, grey hair, a pink-and-white complexion, and a meek and kindly face, which always wore a puzzled expression. He was about forty-seven, but seemed older. He had lived until of late in a little world of his own, with books for his only companions and friends—for he had found people difficult to understand and hard to please. He had been an unsuccessful man; he had loved a beautiful woman in the old days, and she would not even look at him. He had written a learned book, and no one had read it. His nature was too gentle to be soured, but he had said sadly, "I shall never do anything well," and had left the world and gone back to his quaint old manor-house, and to his dull, solitary life. His servants loved him, and treated him like a child. He was

humbly content with everything, and admired with all his heart his nephew, Dick Scott, a fine broad-shouldered young fellow of twenty-two, who was now away shooting in Scotland. Dick was a hard rider, a skilful fisherman, and a good shot. There was a handsome good-humour in his face which won your heart at once. No one could hear his cheery voice shouting and singing, and calling to his dogs, without catching something of his light-heartedness. He had hitherto been the one and only human interest in Mr. Scott's life, but lately there had come a new element into the narrow world of the manor-house.

This was in the shape of a little cousin of Mr. Scott, Rose Dormer, who had come with her widowed mother to live in a cottage near the manor-house.

Rose was eighteen, and as sweet and bright as a pretty wayward girl can be. Beautiful she was not in the strict sense of the word, but she had all the charm of youth, and health, and gay spirits. She soon became a queen at the manor-house. Dick and she were always quarrelling, but with Erasmus she was on excellent terms. She came to see him nearly every day on some errand of her mother's or on some device of her own. She picked his flowers, ate his fruit, and vainly turned over his books in the hopes of finding pictures. For she was very much of the same opinion as

Alice in Wonderland—that a book without conversations and illustrations is a very poor invention. And so the summer and early autumn had slipped away, and one day Mr. Scott had realised to himself with a start what a change Rose's coming had made in his life. Then he tried to shake off the idea, and he opened his books and began to read, but in between the lines, over and over again he read nothing but Rose's name, until he closed the books in despair, and stood with his eyes vaguely looking across the quiet fields into space, dreaming of a sweet fresh face with innocent childish eyes; of a willowy figure and dancing feet; of a voice that was as gay and careless as that of a bird; of a simple affectionate nature and winning ways; of Rose Dormer, in short. He pictured her standing in the oriel window, framed by the grey stone and the heart-shaped ivy-leaves, dressed in some soft brown stuff with a knot of pale pink ribbons on her dress and her hands full of carnations and mignonette; or sitting at the head of the old-fashioned oak table pouring out tea, with the gravity and dignity of an accomplished housekeeper.

Such thoughts as these were occupying Erasmus Scott as he paced up and down the terrace. And as so often happens, the very person he was thinking of came tripping by herself to interrupt his meditations. A large green cooking-apple was thrust under his eyes.

"May I have this to eat—oh, may I?"

"It is really too unwholesome," began Mr. Scott, timidly, and a little sadly—he could not bear to refuse her anything.

"Nothing ever makes me ill," was the reassuring reply.

"Must you eat it?" asked the poor man, hesitatingly. "Won't anything riper do as well?"

He was so comic in his earnestness that the spoilt child burst out laughing. Then with a pretty smile,

"If you don't want me to do it I won't."

He stood looking at her with his most puzzled expression, until she blushed and said peremptorily,

"Show me some books!"

So they went into the sunny library, and Rose climbed up the library steps and sat with a big book on her knees listening to his explanations of it. She had grown suddenly quiet and absent. He was afraid he had wearied her.

"I tire you, perhaps?" he said; "you cannot understand how I care to live in this library with all these dusty books—such a life wouldn't suit your tastes."

"I think one could be very happy here," she answered, softly.

He dared not look at her, the room seemed to swim before his eyes. Was it possible this sunbeam ever could be content to brighten up so dull and drab-coloured a life as his? Presently she slipped off her perch.

"I mustn't stay longer now. Please give me the newspaper for mamma. And may I come on Saturday to tea? You must have a cake made expressly for me!"

"You shall have anything you like," he said,

with a little husky cough that was habitual to him. Then he opened his mouth to speak—and shut it again. By this time she was gone.

Ah! well. On Saturday he would say something. What? And then he fell to composing his own speech, and her answers—but he scarcely ventured to think what those might be.

So the day slipped quietly away, and he was sitting idly by the hissing wood fire, when the door was flung open, and, to his surprise, Dick walked in.

"Why, my dear boy, where did you come from? I thought you were shooting in the North for the next three weeks to come."

"I changed my mind, uncle. I may stay here, mayn't I?"

The permission was readily given. But as the evening drew on it became apparent even to Erasmus, who was far from clear-sighted, that something was amiss. And when after dinner Dick came to the study, drew his chair close to the fire, and sat silently gazing into the flames, his uncle at last ventured on a remark.

"Nothing wrong, my dear boy?"

"Nothing, except that I've been playing the fool," was the encouraging reply.

Then there followed a long pause, broken at last by Mr. Scott in his slow, timid voice, "You were saying, Dick, that you had been—eh?"

"Well, it comes to this—I'm in love! There's no good trying to fight it down. I thought I'd see if going North for a change would set me up. But it only made it worse. I never cared for a girl before, and thought it all such rot; but now I can't live without her. Oh! you can't think what it was, up in that dreary shooting-lodge on those great moors alone, with nothing but the dogs to talk to, and all day long her face and her ways haunting me!"

"She?" began Erasmus again, inquiringly. "She is—what did you say is the name of the young lady?"

But Dick went rambling on after the fashion of people suffering from his malady. "I think she likes me. I never thought about anything at first but mere fun and chaff, you know; and then it came over me all of a sudden that there is no one half—half like her, you know. And when I said good-bye to her I was wretched, and she looked awfully down in the mouth too. So I think she likes me. She didn't say anything—well, I suppose girls don't; they expect one to begin."

To this general observation Mr. Scott assented, and then, in his shy, blundering way, "You were saying the young lady's name is—? Did you meet her in Scotland?"

"In Scotland! Why, who did you think I meant—Rose Dormer, of course?"

If Dick could have seen his uncle's face he would have guessed the whole story. But, as it happened, he could not, and Erasmus broke the silence by asking very gently, "You think she cares for you, my dear boy?"

"Well, I'm nearly sure of it. We were always quarrelling—but then that's the way with lovers they say;" and then he went on to give strong proofs of his assertions.

Mr. Scott listened very patiently, but it seemed to him he had never known before what pain was like. He fancied he suffered more in that one half hour than he had ever done in his whole life. Each word seemed to scorch and burn his very heart.

Then when Dick had done he said, "God bless you, my dear boy! She is the sweetest girl that ever lived, and I know you will do your best to make her happy. Ah me! two young people together."

"Dear old fellow!" thought Dick. "It reminds him of the time when he was young."

The next morning Dick dressed himself with care, and put a white rosebud in his button-hole and strode off to the cottage. Erasmus watched him from the window, and thought how natural it was that Rose should prefer Dick to him, and what a foolish thing it was ever to have thought matters could be different. Yet even these reflections did not cure his headache.

Dick returned late in the evening beaming and burdened by the necessity of pouring out all his story to some one—it did not matter to whom. But his uncle, although very silent (he said he was not well—"toothache"), made a good listener, and this was all Dick wanted.

When the engagement was announced in the neighbourhood every one said how "suitable it

was, and how nice for Mr. Scott to have a niece he was so fond of! Only, poor man, he seemed to have been suffering so much from toothache lately. Of course, he was delighted about the marriage, but he really looked miserably ill. It would be far better to have every tooth out than to suffer in this way!"

One cold December evening, when Dick and Rose were sitting by the fire in the twilight, Mr. Scott, against his will, overheard a scrap of their conversation. He was arranging books in a corner, and they had quite forgotten his presence.

"How strange it is," Dick was saying, meditatively, "that some people seem so content to be without happiness like ours. Look at my uncle. The dear old boy never seems to want anything more than his books."

"Do you know, Dick," answered Rose, very gently, "I think he would have very much liked things in his life to have been different. Not that he ever said anything to me. But it is a fancy of mine."

Could it be that Rose had understood dimly something of the pain he had suffered, something of the sacrifice he had made? He liked to think so; there was a vague comfort in the thought that she knew that his own happiness was as nothing to him in comparison with hers.

ANNE FELLOWES.

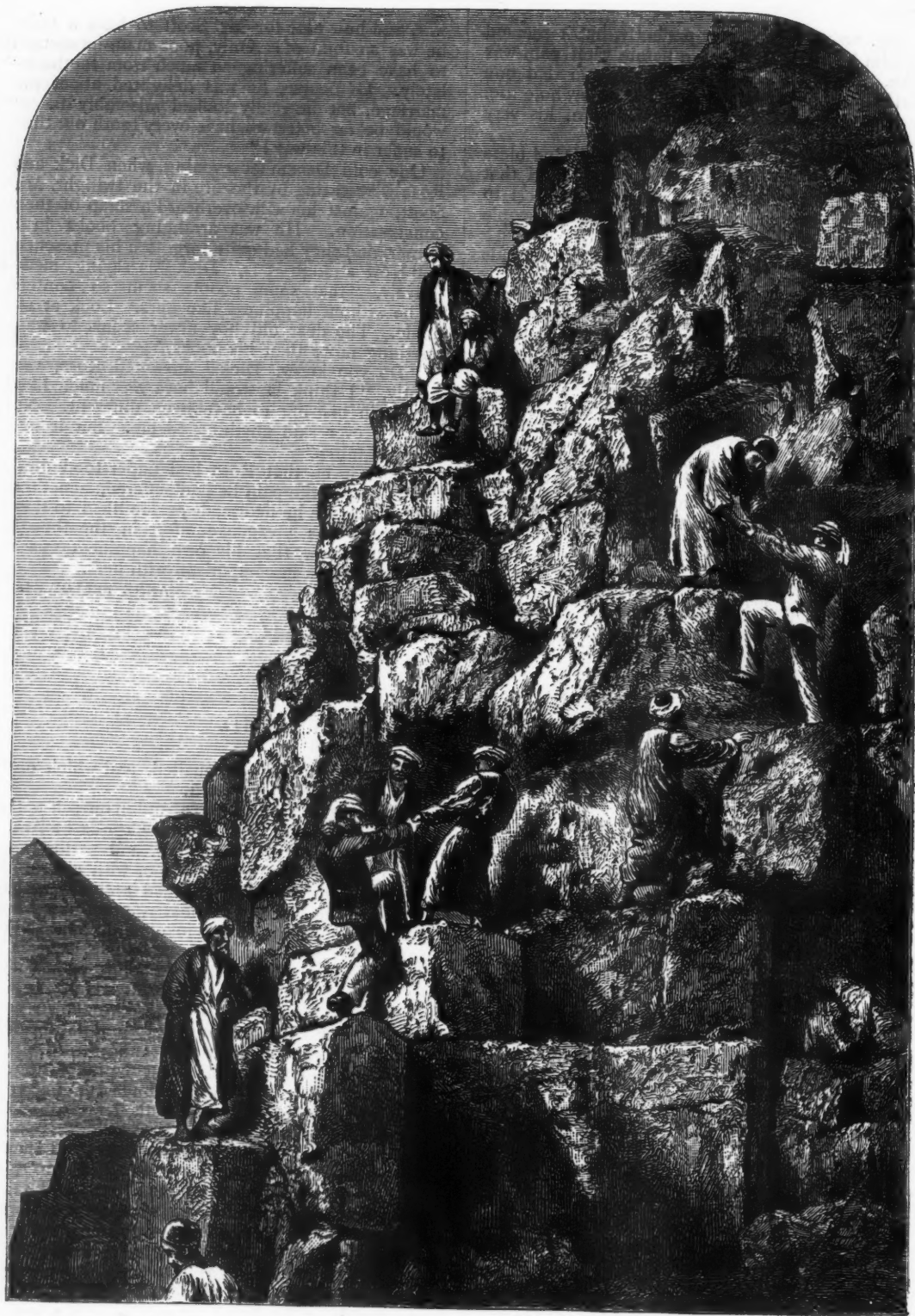
ASCENT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE ascent of the Great Pyramid is a rather laborious task.* The great blocks of stone form a series of steps of unequal height, varying from two to four or five feet. A tribe of Arabs occupying a village at the foot claim the right to assist travellers. Their sheikh levies a tribute of two shillings upon each person making the ascent, and appoints two or three of his people to help him up. The difficulty is thus materially diminished, and the magnificent view from the summit—even finer, in some respects, than that from the Citadel—amply repays the traveller for the toil he has undergone. The desert stretches to the verge of the horizon. A narrow valley, inclosed by the Libyan and the Mokattam Mountains, runs to the southward. In the centre of this valley the noble river is seen winding along, with a belt of verdure on either side. The emerald green of the cultivated soil contrasts finely with the red of the mountains and the tawny sand of the desert. The pyramids of Sakkara, the palm groves of Mitrahenny, Cairo, with its innumerable minarets and cupolas, and the Citadel seated on its rocky height above the city, make up a picture

which can scarcely be equalled, and which once seen can never be forgotten.

It is difficult, however, to abandon oneself to the full enjoyment of the scene. Crowds of Arabs follow the party to the summit, and pester them with entreaties for backsheesh, or with clamorous recommendations of the forged antiquities they have for sale. They are merry, good-humoured fellows, quick at taking a joke, and, great as the annoyance may be, it is impossible to lose one's temper. I tried the effect of a retort upon them by asking backsheesh in return. One ragged scoundrel drew himself up with a dignified air, and putting his hand into some mysterious pocket of a cotton shirt, the only garment he possessed, drew out a small coin worth about half a farthing. Putting it into my hand with a condescending gesture, he folded his arms and walked away, amidst shouts of laughter from his comrades. To one of the dealers in forged antiquities I said, "I shan't buy those; they were made in Birmingham." A rival dealer plucked me by the coat, and said, "No, Mr. Doctor, his were not made in Birmingham; his were made in London;" and then proceeded to vouch for his own as "*bono anticos*." One great feat is for an Arab to leap down the side of the First Pyramid, run across the intervening space of desert sand, and up the Second Pyramid in nine minutes. The sheikh was demanding a shilling apiece from the twenty-four Europeans who were

* The ascent of the Pyramids has been many times described. We are indebted for this extract to the pen of one who well knew how to combine the severer tasks of life with the thorough enjoyment of its lighter humours. See "The Land of the Pharaohs, Egypt and Sinai: Illustrated by Pen and Pencil." By Samuel Manning, LL.D. (Religious Tract Society.)



ASCENT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

(From a Photograph.)

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on the summit. I remonstrated, saying that a dollar for the whole was the regular tariff. The sheikh drew me aside, and whispered in my ear, "Mr. Doctor, you say nothing, and pay nothing." When he came round to collect the money from the contributors, he passed me by with a merry wink and shrug of his shoulders. A member of our party had a very powerful opera-glass, which he lent to one of the Arabs. Mohammed, looking through it, was beyond measure astounded to see not only his village in the plain below, but his two wives, Fatima and Zulieka, gaily disporting themselves in his absence, little thinking that "he held them with his glittering eye." When he had given free vent to his feelings, I said to him, "Mohammed, how do you keep two wives in order? We in England find one quite as many as we can manage with advantage; sometimes rather more." He replied, "Oh, Mr. Doctor, dey berry good; dey like two sisters; I give them much stick—much stick;" and I have no doubt that they had a good deal of stick on his return home.

All this may seem quite out of keeping with the feelings proper to a visit to the Pyramids—as no doubt it is—but I have been so much annoyed by the unreality and sentimentalism of many books of travel, that I prefer to state facts exactly as they happened. The gift of a shilling to the sheikh, on condition that he allowed no one to speak to me for a quarter of an hour, at length secured a brief interval of quiet, in which I abandoned myself to the undisturbed enjoyment of the scene and its associations. What a wonderful history is unrolled before us as we look around! Across that waste of sand, which stretches away to the north-east, came Abram and Sarai his wife, and his nephew Lot, "to sojourn in the land." The young Hebrew slave, who should rise to be second only to Pharaoh, is brought by the same route, and is followed once and again by his brethren seeking corn in Egypt. Where the palm-trees cluster so thickly round the ruined mounds on the banks of the river, Moses and Aaron stood before the king, and demanded that he should let the people go. Throughout the succeeding ages of Old Testament history Egypt constantly reappears, sometimes as the adversary and sometimes as the ally of Israel. It was across the plain at our feet that the armies of Shishak and Pharaoh Necho marched for the

invasion of Palestine. Here, too, came the fugitives, Jeroboam, Urijah, and others, seeking refuge amongst their ancestral enemies. Near where that single obelisk of red granite rises from amongst the glossy green of the sugar-canes Joseph married his wife: and when the Jewish monarchy had fallen, Onias, the high-priest, erected a temple upon the plan of that at Jerusalem for his brethren who had settled in Egypt. There, too, if we may trust tradition, the infant Saviour was brought when escaping from the wrath of "Herod the king." Turning from sacred to secular history, we trace the course of the native monarchs who for nearly two thousand years reigned with absolute sway over a numerous, wealthy, and powerful people. Memories of Persian, Macedonian, and Roman conquerors—Cambyses, Alexander, and Cæsar—start into life as we look down upon the plain. Again the scene changes, as Amrou and Omar unfurl the banner of the False Prophet, and wrest the richest province of the empire from the enfeebled hand of the Byzantine rulers. Again, as we gaze, we seem to see the armies of the magnificent Emir Yusef Salah-e'deen march from Cairo to confront the Crusaders under Richard the Lion-hearted, King of England, and, having given some of its most romantic chapters to modern history, to return, and dying, to send his shroud round the city, whilst criers went before it, exclaiming "This is all that remains of the pomp of Saladin." Coming down to our own times, we cannot forget the Battle of the Pyramids, when a small compact French army withstood the attack of 60,000 Memlooks, and compelled them to retreat, leaving 15,000 dead upon the field. What a change from the Pyramids of Cheops, and the war-chariots of Rameses, to the cannon of Napoleon, and the railways, steam-boats, and cotton factories of the Khedive! In the four thousand years over which the history of Egypt extends, what generations have lived and died, what empires have risen and flourished and decayed! Surrounded by these affecting memorials of bygone ages, we seem to hear a voice sounding from the silence of the past, and saying, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: . . . but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

Varieties.

Training versus Cramming in Female Education.

The institution of "High Schools for Girls" is a praiseworthy attempt to supply a more thorough education than can usually be obtained in old-fashioned boarding schools. But there is danger in the new plan of education, especially under the stimulus of University and other examinations, of substituting for wholesome training the system, unwholesome both for body and mind, known as "cramming."

This popular term, if inelegant, is at least very significant,

and no other suggests itself which could efficiently supersede it. Thoroughness is bartered for speed, and hastily-acquired knowledge fails to leave its mark on the memory and character of the learner. The delicate machinery of the reflective powers cannot thus be hurried into action, and the time accredited with being gained is, for all really practical purposes, completely lost.

It is not in England only that this miserable system is beginning to prevail. In America it is carried to a greater

pitch, and physicians have stated that the unnatural stimulus to the nervous system at that period of life has already produced marked effect in deteriorating the health and constitution of the educated classes of society. The same danger will have to be guarded against in France where the establishment of *lycées* for girls is being strenuously advocated.

In Germany the same remarks apply, but a movement has already been begun to counteract the effect of mere cramming with book knowledge, and imparting superficial accomplishments. Under the patronage of the Crown Princess, a school and bazaar in Berlin for the industrial work of girls of the upper and middle classes proved remarkably successful, and we are glad to hear that the chief directress of that school (Madame Johanna Knipp, a zealous educationist) has established in Dresden an institution which appears a model of what training schools should be.

At this "Frauen-Industrie-Schule," while the ordinary branches of education are not neglected, special attention is paid to every practical matter which tends to train girls to be good wives and mothers, and efficient housewives and mistresses, as well as to prepare them to be self-supporting should occasion at any time so require.

In this college Theory takes no unfair precedence of Practice; they work together hand in hand. As an example of this, with reference to needlework, not only is the pupil taught to use a sewing-machine, but to understand its mechanism—to take it to pieces and put it in order; and thus the aim is to develop her reflective powers rather than teach her to work like an automaton. In the same way with dressmaking or shirtmaking, the method of taking measurements, cutting-out, and of copying on materials what is merely presented to them on fashion-plates, is also carefully taught. Nor does this fully exemplify that thoroughness, which is a distinguishing feature of the training given. There are masters for the usual departments of learning and accomplishments, but it is the main object in this institution to train the girls in all practical female industry.

English parents wishing to send daughters abroad for the sake of education often choose places where little else but the acquisition of languages is obtained, and that at the risk of loss in other points of character. We recommend them to make inquiry about this German Frauen-Industrie-Schule, Eliasplatz, Dresden.

Crown Windfalls.

A Parliamentary Return lately issued shows that during the year 1882 no less than £141,077 10s. 8d. was received by the Crown's nominee in respect of the estates of persons dying intestate without known next-of-kin. At the beginning of the year the balance in hand was £177,384 5s. 10d. After divers payments for debts, costs, grants to persons having claims on the bounty of the Crown, etc., there remained in hand £266,739 12s. 10d. The Return costs one halfpenny, and in its present form is of no value whatever to the public. It might, however, be easily made an invaluable document by giving in an appendix (1) the names, addresses, and descriptions of the intestates; (2) the amount of each estate; (3) particulars of estates finally disposed of; and (4) a list of estates awaiting distribution. Information of the kind indicated is already accessible to the public with regard to Indian intestates. Since the passing of the Treasury Solicitor Act (1876) the receipts have been as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1877	127,876	19	11
1878	139,769	9	3
1879	140,879	3	5
1880	56,448	13	11
1881	64,287	5	10
1882	141,077	10	8

Many persons are interested without their knowledge in these funds, as they fail to see the notices issued by the Treasury Solicitor. Hence the necessity for the proposed Appendix to the Parliamentary Return. The Appendix should also be published annually in the leading newspapers.

It cannot be too widely known that these estates are only held by the Crown till legitimate claimants appear. In "Mrs. Mangin Brown's case," finally adjudicated on by the House of Lords in 1880, five Italians (absent abroad at the death of the intestate in 1871) succeeded in establishing their claim to £200,000.

The evidence of the late Queen's Proctor as to how these estates are ordinarily dealt with is very interesting and instructive. The following is the essence of it:—

"I take out letters of administration, and get in all the money for the Government in connection with the estates of intestate bastards and *bona vacantia*. . . . I recommend the Lords of the Treasury as to the disposition of the balance of the effects. The Solicitor of the Treasury is appointed administrator. . . . I am known all over the world, and I correspond with solicitors and the people interested. . . . I ascertain what the effects are either at the Bank of England or other public bodies. . . . Sometimes there are large and heavy pedigree cases. . . . In a heavy case a short time ago I fancied it was rather a fraudulent case on the part of the party who set up the claim. I got the facts together and took counsel's opinion, and a large sum was recovered. All these estates are vested in the Crown; they belong to her Majesty in right of her royal prerogative. . . . When bastards die there are always plenty of people only too ready to seize hold of their property and get willed made. . . . In one case there was a commission to America. . . . It was an estate worth £70,000, I think. . . . In ordinary cases the procedure is this: I receive a letter stating that A. B. is dead; that he had such and such property; that he was a bastard, or has left none but illegitimate relations. I then ascertain the facts, and find out who the next-of-kin are, or the persons to whom the Crown should make grants, and I recommend accordingly. I take out from forty to fifty administrations in a year. Some are large amounts—£120,000, and sums of that sort."

I, Great College Street.

EDWARD PRESTON.

The Distribution of Wealth.—Political economists have occupied themselves with the creation and distribution of wealth, and more particularly with its distribution, without noticing that the most important thing about it is, not how it is distributed, but how it is used. A rich man is thus regarded only as the monopoliser of good things of which the poor are desperately in need, and so long as this is the case it will remain difficult to persuade the poor that everything is for the best. The incompleteness of political economy leads to its rejection by those who find in it no explanation of what seems the inhuman harshness of the results it defends.

Of all that a rich man possesses very little actually ministers to his own personal enjoyment. What he really possesses is not so much wealth as power. When he has eaten and drunken of the best and housed himself in a palace, he only has a rather superior sort of food and shelter. But he has power to direct the operations of a large mass of capital, and to say absolutely whether it shall be employed for wise or for foolish ends. He is not a person to be envied, but to be instructed, nor is there the very smallest guarantee that if his wealth were in a thousand hands instead of in his own, any one of its new possessors would use his powers one whit more wisely. On the contrary, the chances are that the mediocre follies of the thousand would far outweigh the larger folly of one. There is absolutely no way at present discernible by the wisest men of interfering without mischief to the poor themselves with the natural distribution of wealth. But there is much room for wiser direction of the activities set in motion by wealth. That part of the subject political economists have not touched.—*The Times*.

The Rice-Paper Plant.—This is the *Aralia papyrifera*, a Chinese plant belonging to the same natural family as the ivy (*Araliaceæ*). It may be seen in the collection at Kew, and in many other collections in England. In its native country it is said to grow seven feet high, with a circumference of its terminal branches of twenty feet, and throwing out twelve or fourteen white panicles three feet long, drooping like magnificent plumes, in regular form, over the fine dark palmate leaves. The stem is three, or at most four inches in diameter, forming very little wood, but filled with the most beautifully white pith, from which the celebrated rice-paper of the Chinese is made.

Sale of Grain by Weight.—Sir James McCall, Attorney-General for the Isle of Man, expresses his surprise that in England it is optional whether wheat and other grain be sold by the measure or by the weight. In the Isle of Man it is otherwise. So far back as 1832 an Act was passed by the

Insular Legislature, and by measure passed by bushel of and rye, 6 60lb.; and lows:—W bushels, or 4 bushels,

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Insular Legislature making it unlawful to sell coals, potatoes, bread, wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, rye, flour, or meal by measure or otherwise than by weight. By another Act, passed by the same Legislature in 1880, the weight of a bushel of grain and potatoes was fixed as follows:—Wheat and rye, 64lb.; barley, 56lb.; oats, 42lb.; peas and beans, 60lb.; and potatoes, 56lb.; and the weight of a boll as follows:—Wheat and rye, 4 bushels, or 256lb.; barley, 6 bushels, or 336lb.; oats, 6 bushels, or 252lb.; peas and beans, 4 bushels, or 240lb.; and potatoes, 8 bushels, or 448lb.

Shakespeare and Dollars.—The dollar is of German origin, and its first coinage was 1520. In the course of trade such money would naturally reach London, and Shakespeare, who wrote less than eighty years afterwards, mentions dollars in two of his plays. One of these is "Macbeth," and, though this king lived five hundred years previously, the dramatist, with his usual indifference to chronology, makes Ross exclaim—

"Sweno, the Norway king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at St. Colme's isle,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use."

We may infer from the above that Shakespeare was pleased with the new coinage, but the old currency remained in use. The United States, however, notwithstanding ancient custom, prefers the dollar and also the decimal system—thanks to Jefferson, who brought it from Europe.—*New York Observer.*

Charles Darwin on Theism and Evolution.—The following letter from the late Charles Darwin appears in a work recently issued: "Down, Beckenham, Kent. Dear Sir,—It seems to me absurd to doubt that a man can be an ardent Theist and an Evolutionist. You are right about Kingsley. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, is another case in point. What my own views may be is a question of no consequence to any one but myself. But, as you ask, I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. Moreover, whether a man deserves to be called a Theist depends on the definition of the term, which is much too large a subject for a note. In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally—and more and more as I grow older—but not always, that an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind.—Dear sir, yours faithfully, CH. DARWIN."

The Government Savings Bank at Winnipeg.—It is interesting in connection with the progress of Winnipeg, the principal town of Manitoba, to notice that the balances due to depositors in the Dominion Savings Bank there present a continuous increase. In 1880 the balance at the end of June 30th was 118,299 dol.; this increased to 558,629 dol. in 1882, in which year there was so much activity in land speculation. Notwithstanding, however, that this has somewhat subsided, it is clear that the working classes are making steady progress, for on June 30th last the balances amounted to 586,291 dol., an increase over the previous year of nearly 28,000 dol. The majority of the depositors belong to the labouring and artisan classes, and very few accounts reach 3,000 dol., which is the limit.

A Sensible Hint.—We lately received a note from the head of a large business firm, with the following printed postscript at the bottom of the page: "*As I am obliged to abbreviate my correspondence as much as possible, I trust you will kindly excuse this brief reply.*" We beg our literary correspondents to take this as said, although not printed on our notepaper.

A Signalman's Presence of Mind.—The following incident deserves to be widely known, and we are sorry the man's name is not given in the Liverpool paper in which it was recorded. Whether the directors rewarded the man is not stated, but the mean management which keeps engine-drivers and other workers fifteen hours consecutively on duty deserves reprobation, and can be met only by imposing very heavy damages on the occurrence of every accident. At Llandudno Junction the signalman, by extraordinary presence of mind, saved the Irish mail passengers from what

might have proved a terrible fate. The signalman at the junction received a message from the signalman at Conway, the next station towards Holyhead, that a light engine was coming. The signalman, knowing that the Irish mail was due, decided to run the engine into a siding, in order to permit the express to pass. He accordingly put up all the signals against the light engine, but to his extreme astonishment the engine came straight into the junction at full speed, swept around the corner, dashing past all the danger signals, and disappeared from view down the line towards Chester. A moment's reflection convinced the signalman that both driver and stoker must be asleep, and that unless they awoke an awful calamity might occur. He accordingly wired to the Colwyn Bay station signalman, "Engine coming—driver asleep—put fog-signals on the line." The man at Colwyn Bay was equally as prompt, for running out of his box he had barely time to lay a number of signals when the engine came thundering along, and the explosion which followed effectually awoke the drowsy men. The engine was stopped and run back into a siding, when it was discovered that the fire had gone out, the water had disappeared from the boiler, and that the men had been asleep some time. An inquiry resulted in their immediate discharge. They had been fifteen hours on duty.

National Hospital for Paralysis, Epilepsy, and Nervous Diseases.—The victims of what are termed nervous diseases share the benefit of ordinary hospitals only to a very limited extent. They can seldom be kept there long enough to obtain permanent relief or cure. Epileptic patients are seldom found in general wards for obvious reasons. Paralytic patients need long and varied treatment, and this they obtain at the hospital in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, rightly called "National," as it receives patients from all parts of the kingdom. The "Lancet" recently said, that "to past and present members of its staff we are indebted in a very large measure for the great advance in neurological science for which the last twenty years have been remarkable." There is an opportunity now for enlarging the hospital and increasing its beneficent work. It is an institution that deserves larger public support.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid.—A correspondent of the "Times" who obtained an interview with the Sultan thus describes his personal appearance:—He is slightly over middle height, slim, and rather thin; his complexion dark, his trimmed beard black, short, and thick; his mouth resolute and melancholy, his nose a Turkish one, large, long, and bony; his eye dark, frank, and penetrating, looks of great depth when the light falls on it. His forehead is broad, of average height, slightly furrowed; the black hair below the fez is short, almost close cut. Abdul Hamid is forty-one years of age, but looks older, chiefly from having lost one of his upper teeth. He speaks in a louder tone than Turks usually do, his voice is sonorous, his enunciation distinct, and his sentences are long, but without hesitation. He rarely smiles, but his countenance easily assumes a friendly expression, and he shows manifest satisfaction when his words—for he understands European languages—seem faithfully translated.

Loss of Life at Sea.—The loss of life at sea is the more painful and deplorable in that the largest part is due to preventable causes. In a speech at the Trinity House, the institution which has charge of all affairs in the seas round our own coasts, Mr. Chamberlain spoke thus: "In spite of all that Parliament has done, of all that my department can do, of all that the Trinity House, and all those other private agencies can do, the loss of life at sea has continually increased, is increasing, and is augmenting out of all proportion to the trade by which it is accompanied. Last year 1,303 British ships went to the bottom—a loss of 378,000 tons. The year before 1,310 were lost, with a tonnage of 348,000, and that is the largest loss of ships at sea that had ever been recorded in the register of the State. Last year alone in British ships 3,372 lives were lost, and that, alas! is the largest death rate in our register, except in the year 1874, when two colonial ships went down, and 1,200 coolies perished. For that year the rate was abnormally raised, but with that exception the number who perished last year was greater than at any previous time. Well, now, I think you

will agree with me when I say that these facts are a terrible drawback to any satisfaction we may feel in connection with the prosperity of our mercantile marine. They would be dreadful even if we believed that this loss was a necessary incident of the commercial prosperity of which we are so proud. But is it necessary? I say it is not. A large proportion of this loss of life is due to preventable causes. I say, under these circumstances, no honourable, no humane man can sit still without doing all in his power to prevent it. Under these circumstances I feel justified in demanding the co-operation of those who are engaged in the trade."

M. de Lesseps and Lord Palmerston.—M. de Lesseps gives us the report of a conversation held between himself and Lord Palmerston. June 20, 1857.—Lord Palmerston.—"Then you do not mind my opposition." Lesseps.—"I am so far from being vexed that had I 100,000 francs to give you for each speech you make against the canal in the House of Commons, and if you were the man to accept it, I would anxiously offer it to you, because it is your opposition which will cause the influx of capital necessary for the enterprise." By the 9th of December, 1860, France alone had taken 220,000 of the 400,000 shares. The idea of possessing a monopoly does not seem to have been the prevailing motive if we are to judge by a couple of anecdotes told by M. de Lesseps: "Two men wanted to subscribe. One was a venerable priest, doubtless an old soldier, who said to me, 'Curse these English. I am happy to be revenged upon them by taking shares in the Suez Canal.' The other who came to our office was a well-dressed man, but I do not know his profession. 'I will,' said he, 'subscribe for the railway of the island of Sweden.' 'But it is not a railway; it is a canal. It is not an island; it is an isthmus. It is not in Sweden; it is at Suez.' 'Never mind, provided it is against the English; I subscribe.'"

Principle and Practices of Medicine.—By the principles of medicine are meant those general truths and doctrines which have been ascertained and established, slowly, indeed, and irregularly, but still with considerable precision, by the continued observation of attentive minds throughout the entire progress of medicine as a science. The practice of medicine, or the practical application of those general facts and doctrines, I shall describe to you; but I cannot profess to teach it in this room, nor can you learn it, except in a very imperfect sense, from my description of it. It is the science that I shall here endeavour to unfold. Skill and faculty in turning that science to useful purpose I am unable to impart to you. There are qualities that do not admit of being communicated from one mind to another. The practice of physic, like every other practical art, is to be learnt by its repeated exercise, by observation and experience.—*Sir Thomas Watson.*

Yankee Doodle.—In the early part of 1755 great exertions were made by the British Ministry for the reduction of the French power in Canada, and the colonists were called upon for assistance, and contributed with alacrity their several quotas of men. The British army lay encamped a little south of the city of Albany, and in the early part of June the eastern troops began to pour in. Their march their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of their troops, furnished matter of amusement to the British. The bands played the airs of two hundred years old. A physician of the British army, named Dr. Shackburgh, to please Brother Jonathan, composed a tune, and recommended it to the officers as a celebrated air. The joke took, and in a few days nothing else was heard in the provincial camp but "Yankee Doodle." The tune has since been adopted as the national air of the United States, a distinction to which its intrinsic merits certainly do not entitle it. When contrasted, as it often has been at sea, with the British air of "Rule Britannia," its original meanness becomes strikingly apparent.—*Conversations Lexicon.*

Sir Walter Scott and the London Bill-broker.—In 1825, when at the age of fifty-five, a catastrophe unparalleled in its magnitude overtook Sir Walter. "His reverses called forth," says Lockhart, "the general sympathy of mankind." With one exception, his creditors applauded his honourable intentions of devoting the remnant of his life to writing that

he might pay a debt of more than one hundred thousand pounds, for which, as a sleeping partner in the bookselling house of Messrs. Ballantyne, he was liable. The single firm of creditors by whom he was mercilessly harassed was one in which some London bill-brokers, named Messrs. Abud and Co., were partners. "It is to no purpose," writes Sir Walter, in the frankest and most unvarnished diary that was ever kept by man, "being angry with Abud, or Ahab, or whatever name he delights in. He is seeking his own, and thinks by these harsh measures to render his road to it more speedy." Sir William Forbes, whose banking-house was one of Messrs. Ballantyne's chief creditors, privately paid the whole of Abud's demand, amounting to nearly two thousand pounds. Between the January of 1826 and the January of 1828 Scott earned for his creditors close on forty thousand pounds. Had his health lasted he would have redeemed, within eight or nine years from the time of his failure, the whole of his commercial obligations. He had been nearly fifteen years in the grave before the debt, which within six years he had more than half discharged, was extinguished through the value of the copyrights he had left behind, and thus Abbotsford was at length cleared.

A Levy for Queen Henrietta's Household.—Attached to the parish registers of Wilby, Northamptonshire, is a very interesting document in the character of a "Fragment" of an ancient "Book of Rates." In the summer of 1627 the young Queen Henrietta, consort of Charles I., visited the "Midlands" to enable her majesty to drink the chalybeate waters of the "Red Well" at Wellingborough. During the residence of the Court there, the adjoining parish of Wilby was called upon to contribute towards the support of the royal household. The "Fragment" containing these various items was unearthed by Dr. Percy, the author of the celebrated "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," who, in 1767, held the rectory of this retired country village. The first item reads:—

"A Levy made the 16th of July, 1627, for her Maiestie's household at xijd. a yard land	
Sum, totl. xxxij ^s . xij ^d .	
1627. Layings out of her Maiesties house :	
Sc Payd for carrying six chicken and a capon to Wellingbourege	iiij ^d .
It Payd for carrying four strikes of wheat to ye Courte	vjd.
It Payd for six chickens and a capon	iiij ^d .
It Payd to Thomas Hericke for driving a load of charcole to the Courte	xij ^d .
It Payd for twenty pound of butter	vi ^s . viij ^d .
It Payd for the caridge of the same	iiij ^d .
It Payd to the ringer when her Maiestie went through the toun to Northton	vi ^d .
It Payd to six women for gathering rushes	xij ^d .
It Payd for tow quarter of oates	xxi ^s . iiij ^d .
It Payd for a load of wood for the Courte	vij ^d .
To the men to load the wood, and goinge to Wellingbourege wth it	vij ^d .
Sume totl	xliij ^s . iiij ^d .

"A Levy made the xxxth Day of July of twelpeence a yard land for provision for the Queen at Wellingborew. and for the Gaole and Marshalsea House of Correction."

"A Levy made the 5 Day of ffebruary of 6d. a yard land for the carriage of a lode of Coales for her Mat^s Saltpreter Man, from Yaxley to Ringstead."

W. P.

The little word "If."—There is an "if" in every life. Most people can remember, when as boys or girls they bent over dull tasks on hot summer afternoons, how the drone of their companions' voices died away in their ears, how the words in the open book before them became a mist and an emptiness, and how a beautiful fairy "if" came gliding down to visit them. And then they wandered off with this charmer, called "If I were grown up," killing lions in Africa; fighting (successfully, of course, or there would be no point to it) against tremendous odds; leading a forlorn hope; saving lives in a shipwreck or fire. Or if you were a girl you saw yourself dancing at an ideal ball; or nursing the

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sick and wounded, like Miss Nightingale; or, it may be, you beheld yourself arrayed in white satin, the most delightful of brides, followed by a train of bridesmaids in pink (or was your favourite colour pale blue?) who envied and admired you. The bridegroom, of course, was merely a lay figure, about whom you did not trouble your head. Those were all very hopeful "ifs" in those days; "if only I were grown up!" we used to say then, just as now we sigh, "if only I were young again!" For there is many a sad "if" later on in life. "If I might only see that dear face once more;" "if I could only say one kind word;" "if I could but bring the dear old times back again;" "if only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven." Poor vain words! For the grass is growing green above the sweet face that will never smile on us again; the opportunities for the kindly word or deed were lost long ago; the dear old times have departed; and no cries or sobs of ours can break the stillness of the dead who once waited so long in loving penitence, hoping to hear the sound of our voice, or the fall of our footsteps, that they might learn from our lips that they were forgiven.—ANNE FELLOWES.

Dr. Moffat's Missionary Stanza.—Several papers have published a stanza said to have been written in a lady's album by the venerable Dr. Moffat. The following is the true version, as published in the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" for January, 1846:—

"My album is the savage breast,
Where darkness broods and tempests rest,
Without one ray of light;
To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the savage bow in prayer,
Is my supreme delight."

Braham.—Braham once staying at the house of a friend, sang to him in private. His style was there quite different from that which he exhibited in public; it was simple, unadorned, but extremely pure and effective. "Why is it," said his friend, "that you do not always sing like this?" Braham's reply was remarkable, and at the same time just. "If," said he, "I could always have my own way, I would always sing as I have done now, but that is impossible. The public are too fond of boisterous passages and rapid execution, and would not be satisfied without them. If I were to sing in public in the style you have just heard, everybody would say, Where is Irahim? And if Braham lost his attraction, he would lose his engagements."

First Impression of British Guiana.—It was a warm, agreeably warm, afternoon, with a refreshing zephyr—yes, that is the word—blowing, and we find that this continues nearly all the year round, and that in its "thorough draughts" you may sit, lie in a hammock, and sleep with impunity, all of which you do. When it stops, think of ovens. Even in the offices the clerks do their writing in a trifling gale. At the hospital, patients are fanned by it; at the hospitable Georgetown club, the papers are all *weighted* down, or they would become winged and fly. At first one is wrathfully inclined when one's papers go with a gust, but you cannot growl at a breeze that in a temperature about equal to the *calidarium* of the Hammam renders existence agreeable. This natural punkah is everywhere; in the offices, and at the hospital and club aforesaid, at dinner parties, at concerts, at balls, and at church service. Arrangements are made in building to get the full benefit of it, and it seems to do no one any harm. The houses, wooden and airy, with numerous French windows, and those opening to the verandahs, are never closed except against thieves at night or an intensive shower during the day. The great mass of people in this loyal British colony are coloured from pale cream to "um black nigger," as dark young ladies facetiously call their *beaux*, and yet the majority, dressed in the attire of the British Isles, talk and know only English. One hesitates to ask a question, considering whether to use Hindustani, Arabic, or Kafir, when "A nice day, sa" assures you your compatriot is a brother not only in dress but in language. Of course there are many of our Indian fellow-subjects lacking attire, at least the male sex; and John Chinaman varies a little the

scene with his wonderfully cut bags and tail; and also the Portuguese immigrants, but the *tout ensemble* remains a wonderful British compound, the result of a commingling of aboriginal South American, African, Asiatic, and European colours. By the way, I may mention "buck" here is the name for the South American Indian. At home it used to mean a dandy, or, in modern parlance, "swell" as to outward appearance. In South Africa it is the term for every variety of antelope, including the does, and here it is the Indian of the country, male and female. Wonderful language English! Generally speaking, domestic servants here are dark. John King, the coachman, in his spotless white pants and livery coat, is jet black; Amelia, the parlour-maid, a trifle lighter; while Isabel, the cook, bears a resemblance in colour to King Cetywayo. Another thing that struck me principally with the coloured people was the erect figures of both sexes, and in the softer one the graceful walk—this to the eye of an old soldier would be suggestive of perpetual "spring-drill" and daily use of Indian club, but to the people here it comes "kind o' natural like."—*Captain Montgomery.*

Blessed with "a Good Living."—A country rector lately sent to the papers a statement of the charges to which clear income of £600 is liable, besides the unreckoned calls for charity and other demands on his purse:—"I am considered to be one of the more fortunate of the clergy, having been preferred to a 'good' living, and as such I am expected to be exceedingly liberal, to contribute to all local charities, and to give largely to the poor. But how seriously are my means reduced! My income arises from tithe rent-charge, glebe land, and fees, and amounts to just £600 a year, but taxes and a curate's salary reduce it nearly to one-half. The taxes levied upon me (I take this year as an example) are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Poor rates	68	16	4
Highway ditto	30	4	4
Income and land taxes ...	25	15	2
Drainage rate	6	8	1
Lighting ditto	3	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£134	3	11
Add to this my curate's salary ...	150	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£284	3	11

The taxes are levied upon nearly the whole of my income, no deduction being allowed even for my curate's salary, although he is employed, not to assist me in my regular duties, but to attend to a part of the parish where a large population has sprung up, and where it was found necessary to erect an additional church. When I appealed to the local assessment committee they informed me that such a reduction would be illegal.—[It seems incredible that, while a tradesman or merchant is allowed to deduct the value of the "plant" necessary for his occupation, a clergyman has to pay upon outlay necessary for his duties. If the statement is correct we can understand the complaint of a venerable church dignitary who said, "I was richer as a curate than as a rector, and richer as a rector than as a dean!"]

Ruskin's Works in Auction Rooms.—At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, a made-up set of the "Modern Painters," with "foxy" plates, lately fetched no less than £23, while an equally poor copy of "The Stones of Venice" sold for £10 5s. and the second edition of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" for £4 15s. But it is not only the larger works that are thus eagerly caught up; many of the smaller ones are almost equally prized. The "Elements of Drawing," published at seven shillings and six-pence, sells readily for five-and-twenty or seven-and-twenty shillings, and odd copies of the "Academy Notes," published at a shilling, are catalogued by some of the old booksellers at ten and twelve shillings each.

Begging in Paris.—An American correspondent is answerable for the following anecdote:—"A gentleman in Paris, who had been wont to give five sous daily to a blind beggar whom he passed every day on his way to his business, gave him one morning by mistake a napoleon, and, afterwards

discovering his error, ascertained from another beggar his beneficiary's address, and called there to recover his gold piece. A tidy maid opened the door of a comfortably furnished suite of apartments. Monsieur was requested to take a seat, and in a minute or two the beggar made his appearance, neatly dressed, and with faultless shirt-front. The object of the visit was stated. 'My clerk is just making up the day's accounts,' he observed; 'if a napoleon has been found in the box it shall be restored to you.' The piece of gold was found, and the beggar handed it back to his visitor. As the latter was retiring, the beggar called out to him, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but you have forgotten to give me the five sous.'

Relics of a Lost Explorer Discovered.—Campbell's "lines written in a blank leaf of 'La Pérouse's Voyages'" contain a touching tribute to the memory of a famous sea captain and explorer, whose mysterious end was long the subject of anxious inquiry, and was never fully cleared up:—

Far on the vast Pacific, midst those isles
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded, and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of ocean new to nautic lore;
Yet he that led discovery o'er the wave
Still fills himself an undiscovered grave.
An age elapsed, when men were dead or grey,
Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful day;
He came not back—conjecture's cheek grew pale
Year after year—in no propitious gale
His lilied banner held its homeward way,
And science saddened at her martyr's stay.

The loss of La Pérouse was a mystery far longer than that of our own Franklin. At length a successful search has been made by the Bruat, commanded by Lieutenant Benier, for the remains of the wrecks of the *Boussole* and *Astrolabe*, which went down near Vanikoro about a century ago. They were the two ships with which the ill-fated La Pérouse went on his last voyage. Anchors, cannon, and numerous other relics were found, and conveyed to Noumea in New Caledonia. They were received by the French authorities with impressive ceremony, the garrison and bluejackets being ordered to give military honours, and a salute of twenty-one guns being fired by the guns of the forts. Among the trophies of the search is a bronze cannon, dated 1621, and the anchors are covered over with coral in the strangest manner. The relics will be sent to the Louvre, and placed in the La Pérouse room.

Porpoises at Penrhyns.—A few days ago a vast shoal of porpoises appeared near the entrance to the lagoon. The boats went out, and in two days succeeded in capturing sixty, chiefly young ones. The islanders now gained courage, and resolved to attempt to drive the entire "school" into their lagoon, which is nine miles in length. After chasing them backwards and forwards for two days and nights, they succeeded in inducing the herd to rush ashore close to the settlement. In all 360 porpoises were captured. Almost every man, woman, and child on the island had an entire porpoise. The flesh is good eating. Ever since they have been eating porpoise for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The entire village smells of these animals. Indeed, these hitherto half-starved islanders have grown sleek and contented. I know no more attractive sight than a "school" of porpoises gambolling in mid ocean.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

Penrhyns.

Disappearance of Islands.—In Lady Brassey's charming "Voyage in the Sunbeam," the following passage occurs (page 238): "That islands do occasionally disappear entirely in these parts (i.e., South Pacific), there can be little doubt. The Tahitian schooners were formerly in the habit of trading with a small island close to Rarotonga, whose name I forget; but about four years ago, when proceeding thither with the usual three-monthly cargo of provisions, prints, etc., they failed to find the island, of which no trace has since been seen. Two missionaries from Rarotonga are believed to

have been on it at the time of its disappearance, and to have shared its mysterious fate." There is not an atom of truth in this story, which is the invention of some very lively imagination. During a residence of upwards of thirty years in the Pacific I have not heard of the disappearance of a single island. No doubt in some other parts of the world, where volcanoes are active, such events may have taken place.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

Rarotonga.

The Hoof of the Sheep is Golden.—This Spanish proverb has usually been considered to refer merely to the wealth that lies in the wool-bearing sheep for which the Peninsula is famous. But it may possibly have reference also to the agricultural value of sheep to the soil, as when they are turned in pens. It is said that sheep return to the soil, in manure, the largest percentage of the manurial value of the food consumed of any other animal. According to accurate experiments, made at German agricultural stations, where the food given and the manure obtained were carefully analysed, 95 per cent. of all the manurial elements of the food consumed was found in their manure, solid and liquid.

Courts of Justice in British India.—In our fourth article on this subject, in the first sentence, p. 669 of the November Part (L. H. 1883), through an unfortunate printer's mistake, the figure 9 has been dropped—so that 50 appears instead of 950. It may be well to add that the estimate of one policeman for over four hundred of the population of London is made by comparison of the gross number of police with the gross population. No deduction is made on account of the absence of men for illness, or holiday, or special service. It is presumed that Mr. Justice Cunningham's estimates for India are similarly on the gross muster, and hence the estimate for London is on the same lines.

Letter from Washington.—The following letter is taken from an old "Edinburgh Evening Courant," dated September 9th, 1786. It was addressed "to a gentleman in Dublin," whose name is not given.

"Sir,—For the honour you have done me in calling your only child by my name, and that too, you add, when the issue of the American struggle stood suspended, I pray you to accept my best acknowledgments: my thanks are also due for your politeness in sending me a piece of linen of your staple manufacture; and I am particularly indebted to you for the favourable wishes and flattering expressions of your letter to me of the 4th of August last.

"Your country has my best wishes for the fullest fruition of everything that is interesting to the rights of mankind; and you, sir, that you may be a principal sharer of them.

"Being your most obedient, very humble servant,
(Signed) "G. WASHINGTON."

Mount Vernon, March 10, 1786.

In the same old newspaper we find the following remarks upon American affairs. The writer would be somewhat astonished if he could now behold that empire beyond the Atlantic concerning whose prospects his anticipations have proved as unfounded as his language was ungrammatical.

"The affairs of America are still involved in obscurity. Little permanency can be expected to their present divided form of government, and unless they again become colonial possessions to some power, the establishment of an empire must be the work of ages. The late edict passed in Virginia relative to religion, shows that they have already trespassed in their constitution, as originally published on the peace; and the publication of Unitarian forms of worship in Massachusetts intimates the prevalence of a party in matters of religion. The remittances, however, to this country, of money, have been considerable."

The Great Yukon River in Alaska.—There are still discoveries for geographers to make in our little world, if the statement is authentic that American explorers have descended the Yukon River, in Alaska, who say that they travelled down the stream for two thousand miles. They report the river to be one of the largest in the world, discharging fifty per cent. more water than the Mississippi. Its breadth in some places is seven miles.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S NEW BOOKS.

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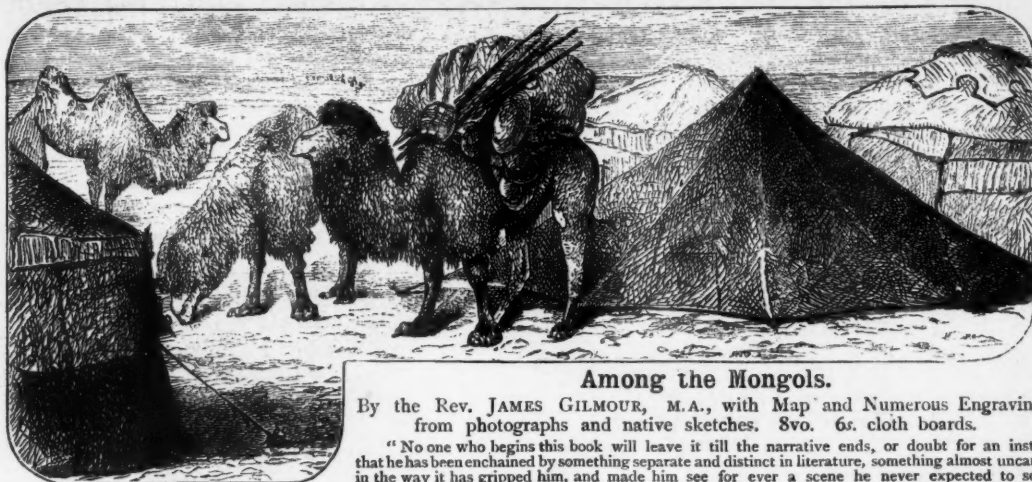
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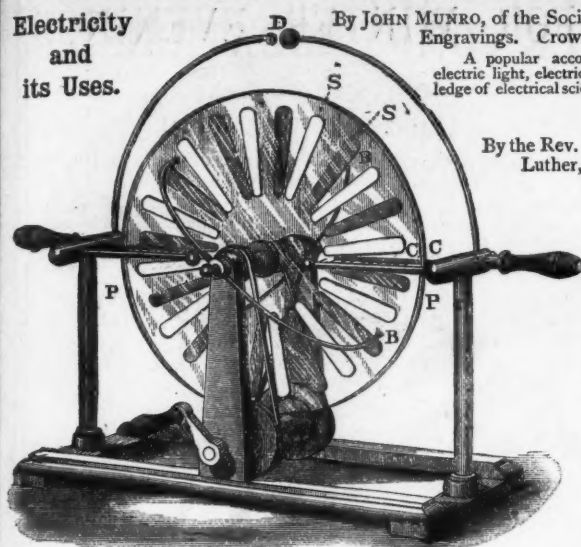
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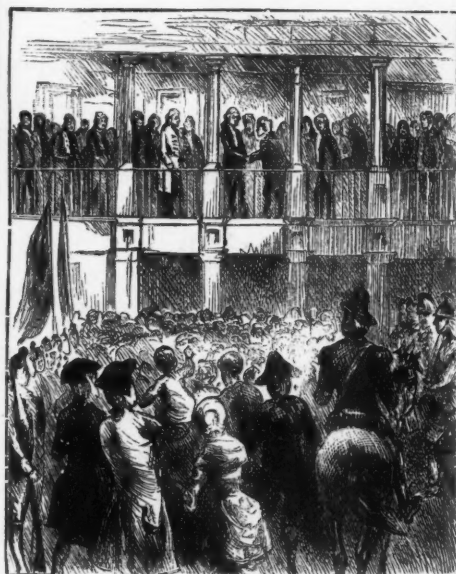
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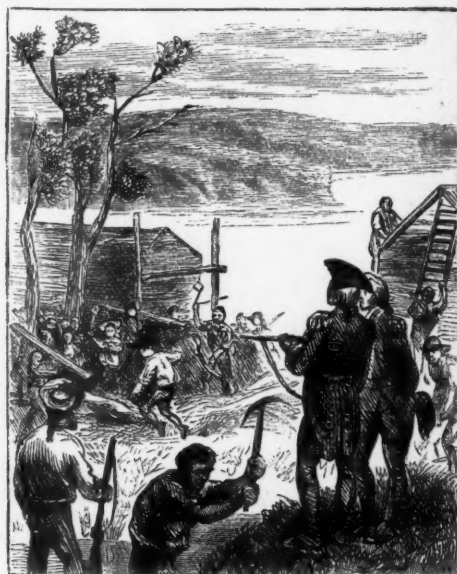
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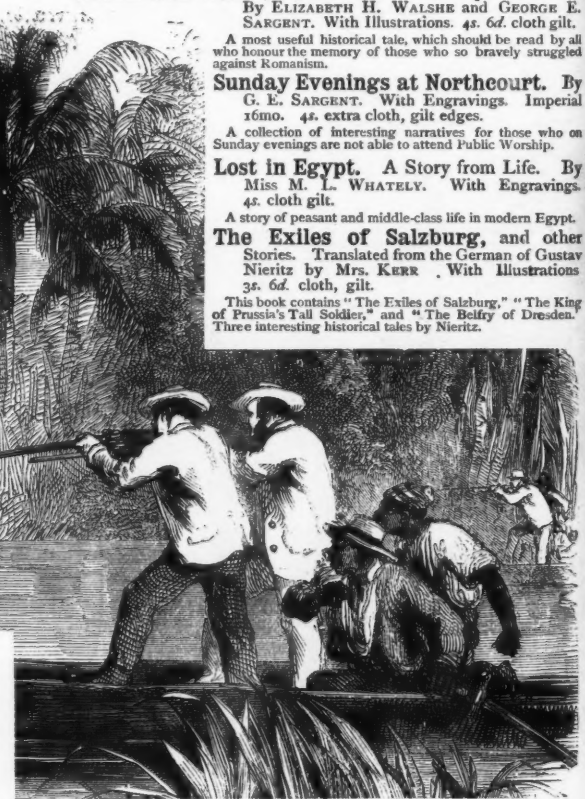
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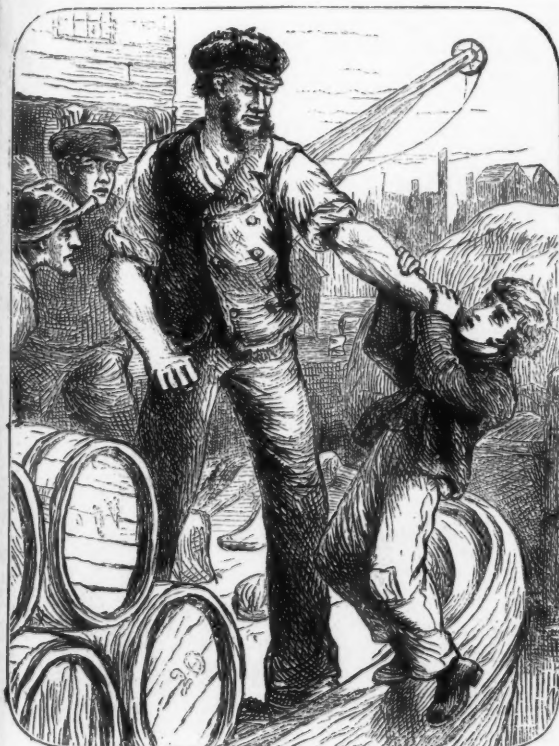
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